THE Nation

AMERICA'S LEADING LIBERAL WEEKLY SINCE 1865

VOLUME 155 NEW YORK · SATURDAY · SEPTEMBER 26, 1942 NUMBER 13

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Published weekly and copyright, 1942, in the U. S. A. by The Nation, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter, December 13, 1879, at the Post Office of New York, N. Y., under the act of March 8, 1879. Washington Editorial Bureau: 856 National Press Building.

The Shape of Things

THE WIDELY PUBLICIZED CHANGES AT THE War Production Board leave everything where it was before—in the hands of big business men and bankers who have already proved their constitutional inability to give us a total effort. Two new vice-chairmen have been appointed by Donald M. Nelson. They are Charles E. Wilson of General Electric and Ferdinand Eberstadt, a New York stockbroker. Wilson is superior in ability and understanding to Philip Reed of General Electric. Reed was rewarded by Nelson with an important post in London for the incapacity he had shown, first in handling copper, lead, and zinc, then in the conversion of civilian industry to war. In this field his apparent goal was the continuance of business as usual as long as possible. Eberstadt has made a good impression as chairman of the Army-Navy Munitions Board; he is an open-minded man, much above the dollar-a-year average. But neither Eberstadt's record at the Munitions Board nor Wilson's in private industry promises the kind of ruthless subordination of private interest to war production which is needed. Eberstadt succeeds the smug and complacent James S. Knowlson, who shares with Reed the responsibility for delaying the conversion of the radio, refrigerator, and other industries to war. But Knowlson will now be Nelson's deputy on the Combined Production and Resources Board.

*

EVEN LESS PROMISING THAN EITHER OF these two vice-chairmen is Nelson's choice for Rubber Administrator. This is a post for a vigorous, youthful man of independent mind, with the energy to combat the oil and chemical interests. Nelson's choice, William M. Jeffers, is sixty-six. He knows nothing about the rubber industry and seems unlikely to learn. He rose from office boy to president of the Union Pacific, a railroad controlled by W. Averill Harriman, and may owe his appointment to this connection. The Union Pacific is a well-run road, but it is hard to tell how much Jeffers has had to do with that. In recent years he has functioned principally as a glad-hander and speaker for Rotary clubs. An Omaha newspaperman tells one of our editors an illuminating story. When the Burlington, the

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Union Pacific's rival, put on its first streamlined train, this newspaperman interviewed Jeffers. Jeffers poohpoohed the newfangled idea. This does not sound promising. The President's order, unlike the Baruch report, gives the Rubber Administrator power over Jesse Jones —on paper, anyway. It remains to be seen whether Jeffers will have the personal force to boss Jones, a stubborn customer.

*

WHILE NELSON CLINGS TO THE IDEA OF salvation by dollar-a-year men, independent men in the production setup continue to lose their jobs through his influence. The latest victim of a "get tough" policy which gets tough only with those who try to get tough with big business is Guy Holcomb. Holcomb was chief of the small-business section of the Department of Justice until an angry letter from Nelson reached Attorney General Biddle last week. Holcomb told the Fluorescent Lighting Association in New York that the flare-up was caused by his insistence that WPB officials give some consideration to this type of lighting. It saves current and materials and has been fought by General Electric and other lamp manufacturers. Holcomb challenged Nelson to make the letter public and charged that it was written by John Lord O'Brian, counsel of the WPB, whose firm represented General Electric in the tungsten-carbide case. One may note in this connection that while prosecution of the tungsten-carbide case was postponed on the excuse that General Electric officials were too busy with war work, the same officials found time to bring a patent suit against a manufacturer of fluorescent lighting. Holcomb, like Libbey and Guthrie before him, was guilty of fighting the big-business crowd. That seems to be the only thing that ever arouses Nelson's ire.

*

RECENT STORIES FROM MOSCOW AND London renew the bitter debate—which feeds the Nazi propaganda machine with juicy chunks of raw material —over the question whether or not the Allies really promised a second front this year. The latest contribution comes from Raymond Daniell in England, who insists that Churchill and Roosevelt disagreed about the wording of the second-front statement issued after Molotov's visit to Washington. Churchill, according to Mr. Daniell, did not like the language of the statement; he thought it might be misinterpreted. The President thought otherwise; and it remained as he wanted it. Its words should be recalled: "Full understanding was reached with regard to the urgent task of creating a second front in Europe in 1942." Mr. Daniell reports that persons agitating for a second front "read into" this sentence "the promise of an invasion of the Continent this summer, while those less easily swayed by emotions analyzed it as possibly meaning that the *Russians had been convinced that, urgent as the need was, the task was too great.*" The wording of the statement is queer and somewhat tricky, but anyone who can read into it the meaning italicized above rates a medal for imagination. It meant, if it meant anything, that a second front was urgent and was in the making for 1942, In any case that is the way the Russians understood it; and so did ordinary people in Britain and occupied Europe and America. Now, when the chance of a second front in 1942 appears less and less probable, a chill of disillusionment has crept through all these countries, particularly Russia. If Churchill and Roosevelt knew in June that a second front was impossible, or even unlikely, then the statement they gave out was indeed unfortunate, and the Prime Minister should have insisted on changes. The people of Stalingrad fighting in the ruins of their homes have firmly believed the Allies would attack this year in the west. If no attack is made they are not going to be much interested in subtle qualifications hidden in a phrase which was taken as a solemn pledge of action.

*

THE MORE LAVAL GROVELS BEFORE HITLER the more fiercely the French people resist the policy of collaboration and the more brutally the Nazis attempt to club them into obedient acceptance of the "New Order." The German-dictated decree conscripting French labor has been quickly answered by a new underground offensive against the army of occupation. Last week a bomb was exploded in a theater reserved for German troops, killing one man and injuring thirty. General Otto von Stülpnagel, German commander in Paris, immediately ordered the execution of 155 French hostages as a "reprisal" and proclaimed a drastic daylight curfew in the city. Simultaneously it was reported that large numbers of non-Jewish French citizens, drawn from the German "hostage pool," were being shipped eastward to slave in Polish and Silesian mines. After such demonstrations of the fact that life under German rule is not worth living, it is hardly surprising that more and more Frenchmen are daily risking their necks to kill Germans and sabotage production and transport. Nor is it surprising to find a renewal of French unity in the face of the common foe—a unity illustrated by the joint escape to London of Charles Vallin, vice-president of the Croix de Feu, and Pierre Brossolette, former foreign editor of the Socialist newspaper *Le Populaire*. Vallin, like many Croix de Feu leaders, had at first supported the Vichy regime, but Brosselette from the time of surrender had played a leading part in the underground movement. In a radio speech to France Vallin said he broke with the Vichy government when he realized that it had morally and physically aligned itself with the enemy. "Is it possible," he asked, "for Frenchmen today to have any opponents other than the enemy of their country?"

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CONSCIOUS OF THE MOUNTING ANGER OF his fellow-countrymen, Laval has sought to strengthen his hold on the government machine by a decree giving him personal authority to dismiss any civil servant. In interviews with the press he is exhibiting an increasing truculence, which is perhaps designed to cover up his inward fears. He has answered the outspoken Catholic protests against the deportation of foreign Jews by interning priests and sneering at the hierarchy. "The Catholic cardinals and bishops," he said in an interview with German and other correspondents, "have intervened, but everyone is master of his own trade. They handle religion; I handle government affairs." This is much rougher treatment of the church than anything it suffered in recent years at the hands of the "anti-clerical" Third Republic. After the armistice the Catholic authorities as a whole supported Pétain, in the belief that he would restore France to Christianity. Now they are discovering that a totalitarian regime, which brooks no rival authority, is a more dangerous opponent than a lay democracy. Reports from Vatican circles received via Switzerland indicate that the French clergy are being encouraged to maintain their present stand by the Pope himself. Moreover, it is said, the return to Rome of Myron C. Taylor, Mr. Roosevelt's personal envoy to Pius XII, occurred on the initiative of the Vatican. The subjects under discussion are believed to include not only the position of the Jews in France but the possibility of some action in favor of oppressed religious minorities in occupied countries.

*

SIR SAMUEL HOARE IS LOOSE AGAIN. THE appeaser and former colleague of Laval in the proposed vivisection of Abyssinia is back from his ambassadorial palace in Madrid for a visit to London, and is telling his much-bombed Chelsea constituents that "variety, not monotony, is what we desire in the new Europe, and freedom for each country to choose its own form of government." Not the "monotony" of democracy, in other words, but variety, a pleasant mixture—some democracy here, some fascism there—is what Sir Samuel advocates for post-war Europe. This is especially calculated to please the ears of his Spanish reactionary friends, and perhaps the words are also designed to reach across the border to Vichy, where his old friend Laval operates. The doctrine that each country may choose its own form of government sounds very democratic and is written into Article Three of the Roosevelt-Churchill Atlantic Charter. But suppose countries choose to be fascist? Suppose a defeated Germany chooses to be fascist? The political character of a country's regime is not merely a domestic matter; it is a matter of world concern. Fascism at home inevitably means aggression abroad. That is what the appeasers were so late in recognizing. Hoare and his like do not realize it yet. But those who are fighting this war to defeat fascism will see to it that victory does not mean the continued existence of fascist governments in Europe or anywhere else. Otherwise, victory would be hollow indeed—and temporary.

*

OUR NEWS FROM INDIA IS INADEQUATE because of the British censorship there. We had suspected it, but now we have definite confirmation from London. In his article in *The Nation* of September 5, Louis Fischer said that 50,000 Indian workingmen went on strike on August 21 at the Tata munitions works and demanded the release of Gandhi. "This," Mr. Fischer wrote, "has not been reported by the press anywhere." Graham Stanford, the London *Daily Mail's* New Delhi correspondent, has now reported it to his paper, where it appeared on September 18. "The Sheffield of India closed down suddenly in the war effort when workers of the great Tata steel company were seduced into striking," Stanford telegraphed. Apparently the American correspondents in India are pretty sore at not being allowed to wire their papers about such important developments. For Mr. Stanford adds (see the New York *Herald Tribune* of September 19) that "American newspapermen [in India] have complained bitterly regarding the government's policy of not allowing them to cable the facts as they occurred. It would have helped the Japanese; hence I think the American newspapermen were wrong." The real question is: Who helps the Japanese more—the American correspondents by wishing to report the truth on India, or the British by arresting India's national leaders, or Mr. Churchill by his crudely imperialistic speech of last week, when he said that the Gandhi civil-disobedience movement had resulted in "only 500 dead"?

*

VICE-PRESIDENT WALLACE, ADDRESSING A Mexican-American audience in Los Angeles, has just delivered a speech the general effect of which will be to strengthen good-neighborly feeling between this country and Mexico. Certain of Mr. Wallace's remarks, however, may easily be misunderstood in the sister republic. "The Mexican people," he said, "have a profound belief in the Four Freedoms. . . . But if I understand their history and feelings correctly they would add three more freedoms: first, the freedom to buy land at a reasonable price; second, the freedom to borrow money at a reasonable rate of interest; and third, the freedom to establish schools which teach the realities of life." We do not know just what Mr. Wallace means by the second of these points, but there is a danger that the first and third may be regarded as good-natured but unwanted advice on how to sterilize the Mexican revolution. Religious education is prohibited by Mexican law. Nevertheless, it would have been better had the Vice-President praised

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the very great achievements of recent Mexican governments in the building of schools. Similarly, close students of Mexican politics would be hard pressed to discover any fervent desire among the peasantry to purchase land. But the least attentive know that the Mexican agrarian reform has granted millions of acres of land in usufruct to peasants who could not have bought even a garden plot. At present when both the form and substance of that reform are under quiet but systematic attack from the Mexican right and center, the Mexican left—the most sincerely anti-fascist section of Mexican opinion—may mistakenly believe that Washington sides with their opponents. It would be a pity if this opinion were allowed to grow, for Mexicans are very likely to remember that we have made no democratic suggestions to the semi-fascist dictatorships of Brazil and Peru.

*

IT NOW APPEARS LIKELY THAT CONGRESS will grant the President's request for power to curb inflation by the October 1 deadline. Major differences between the House and Senate versions of the bill have been ironed out. Although the farm bloc has not yet abandoned its efforts to protect farm interests, the House Committee on Banking and Currency deleted, on the President's insistence, the clause providing for a recalculation of parity prices. Both the House and Senate bills direct the President to stabilize farm prices and wage rates at approximately their present levels, but are sufficiently flexible in language to enable the President and the Price Administrator to meet most contingencies. The House bill permits a 15 per cent upward adjustments in wages to meet the advance in the cost of living since January 1, 1941, but the Senate committee has rejected the "Little Steel formula" as too rigid. Undoubtedly the President will obtain the necessary power over farm prices, but the prospects on the other vital sector of the anti-inflation struggle—the tax bill—remain extremely gloomy. According to Treasury estimates, the Senate tax bill falls short by at least $6,000,000,000 of the amount needed to eliminate the excessive purchasing power created by the war. Secretary Morgenthau has urged that the Senate Finance Committee reconsider either the proposed tax on spending or a plan for compulsory savings, but the committee seems more interested in shaving down taxes imposed by the House than in doing its share to avert inflation.

*

ACTION ON THE CRUCIAL MAN-POWER front was further delayed last week when the Special House Committee on Defense Migration, after a week's hearings, concluded that no legislation is needed at present for the compulsory placement of labor. The responsible authorities in Washington are becoming more and more concerned over the almost complete anarchy in our man-power policy. Paul McNutt, chairman of the War Manpower Commission, has declared that strict government control over the distribution of labor is inevitable; and Wesley Lund, division chief under McNutt, has asserted that the country is in danger until the government works out a realistic policy for the division of available man-power between the armed services and the essential war industries. At least part of the responsibility for the existing chaos rests with Congress. Selective Service under General Hershey is set up on a local and state basis by law and is virtually autonomous in its operations. Although in theory "essential men" in war industries may be exempted from military service, actually thousands of key men are being drafted each week regardless of the effect on war production. The War Manpower Commission has assumed complete control over the 2,300,000 federal employees and has "frozen" the jobs of 200,000 loggers and miners in twelve Western states, but it lacks power comparable to that of Selective Service for placing men and women in the jobs where they can best serve the war effort. Congressional leaders may be justified in hoping that this can be achieved largely through voluntary measures. It is inexcusable negligence, however, to fail to provide the War Manpower Commission with the powers needed to meet any emergency requirements of our war industries.

Dangerous Indifference

IN THE 35 states in which primaries have been held, more than 42,000,000 voters were entitled to cast ballots. Less than 15,000,000 were both able and sufficiently interested to do so. One result of this close to record-breaking apathy is that the local party organizations, powerful enough in any case, had things almost entirely their own way. A corollary result is that a Congress of supreme historical importance will be chosen from a field of nominees selected largely by default. Genuine issues bobbed up here and there, but only rarely were they decisive at the polls. An incumbent's voting record on foreign policy before Pearl Harbor should logically have decided his fate in the primaries, and in some cases it did, but taken as a whole, the primaries tested nothing but the candidates' patronage record and the power of local machines.

In the circumstances the net results are a great deal better than they might have been. Among the seventeen Democratic incumbents relieved of their seats by way of defeat in the primaries are such arch-foes of the President as Moser of Pennsylvania, his colleague Martin Sweeney, the pro-Coughlinite Representative from Ohio, and Senator Bulow of North Dakota, a consistent isolationist. Among the Republicans the outstanding victims

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of their own isolationist records are Paddock of Illinois, Jarrett of Pennsylvania, Oliver of Maine, Robertson of North Dakota, Youngdahl of Minnesota, and Jenks of New Hampshire.

The severest losses on the Administration side are Tom Eliot of Massachusetts, whose district was gerrymandered from under him and presented to former Governor James Curley, and Luther Patrick, one of the best of the Southern liberals. The retirement of Representatives Faddis of Pennsylvania and Coffee of Nebraska, who tried unsuccessfully for a Senatorial nomination, may be rated as clear gains for the Administration. So is the failure of Leland Ford to grab nomination by both parties in California, a trick he has successfully turned in the past.

Among the hopeful new entries for the November run-off are Will Rogers, Jr., who without campaigning deprived Ford of the Democratic nomination in the Los Angeles district and is an odds-on favorite to win; Dorothy Roosevelt, widow of Eleanor Roosevelt's brother and the choice of Michigan Democrats to oppose the violently anti-Administration George Dondero; Michael Feighan, who took Sweeney's measure in Cleveland; and Daniel Ellison, Baltimore's technically Republican and thoroughly liberal candidate for Congress. The volatile Clare Booth Luce will oppose a tried friend of the Administration in Leroy Downs, who has the backing of labor in Connecticut's industrial Fourth Congressional District.

All told, only twenty-three incumbents were eliminated in the primaries. This means that the all-too-great number of Coxes, Woodruffs, and Hoffmans who have discredited Congress will have another fling in November. Probably the most ominous of these renomination victories are those of Lee O'Daniel, the Texas menace, and Hamilton Fish, whose personal machine outweighed the intra-party opposition of both Willkie and Dewey. The Republican Senatorial primary in Michigan likewise rates high for sheer ugliness. Victory went to Judge Homer Ferguson, but it is a chilling thought that more than 100,000 Michigan Republicans cast ballots for Gerald L. K. Smith.

Balancing these dismal developments are the defeats of Talmadge of Georgia and Blease of South Carolina; Blease tried to oust Burnet R. Maybank from his seat in the Senate by a campaign of racial incitement almost as blatant as the Georgia demagogue's. As much to the credit of Georgia voters as the retirement of "Our Gene," incidentally, is the renomination of Representative Ramspeck.

The absence of men in the armed services, migration of workers in war industries, and gasoline rationing, all played a part in keeping down the primary vote, but combined they could never have reduced it to a third of its potential strength. It took an alarming indifference to politics to do that. If this indifference persists through the campaign we face the possibility of a Seventy-eighth Congress that might paralyze the President at the height of the war or break him at the peace.

A Cure for Complacency

A CAREFUL reading of the President's sixth lend-lease report should cure any complacency about the aid we are furnishing our allies. Total authorizations are astronomical, but actual exports are puny. Almost $63 billion in aid has been authorized by Congress, but the total of lend-lease aid in the eighteen months ending August 31 is less than $6.5 billion. Of this sum, the value of goods transferred and services rendered amounts to little more than $5 billion. This is the equivalent of one month's expenditure at the present rate of our war production.

It is a humbling experience to examine that $5 billion more closely. More than $1 billion is for "services rendered." This includes repairs to shipping, the expense of training British airmen here, and the cost of plant expansions to meet lend-lease orders. The last, probably the most considerable item, adds to our arms-making facilities and is as much help to ourselves as to our allies. The rest of the $5 billion is "goods transferred," but goods transferred means goods transferred to warehouses in this country as well as abroad. Actual lend-lease exports in eighteen months amounted to $3,525,000,000, an average of less than $200,000,000 a month. This is chicken feed in a war of these proportions, a war in which Germany is reputed to be getting production at the rate of $3 billion a month out of the Reich and occupied Europe.

Consider, too, that this $3,525,000,000 had to be divided among thirty-five countries and the British Commonwealth of Nations. All the Latin American countries, including the Argentine, are among the beneficiaries of lend-lease. "Currently," the report says, about 35 per cent is going to the Soviet Union, another 35 per cent to the United Kingdom, and 30 per cent to the Middle East, Australia, and other areas. This gives the British Empire several helpings but does not leave much for the Chinese. We do not know what "currently" means, but the talk in Washington, whether true or not, is that very little is going to the Soviet Union because of shipping difficulties and that much material has been shifted to Britain for the opening of that second front, when and if.

It is important for the American people to realize that so far their lend-lease program is pretty small potatoes and that it behooves each and every one of us in any way connected with war work to do our part to speed the flow of aid. Our Washington letter this week

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touches on one aspect of the undercover forces that delay aid not only to the Soviet Union but to other allies as well. Every popular organization can do its part by protesting to Congress and other agencies about the conditions disclosed in I. F. Stone's dispatch.

Stalingrad and Dieppe

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

CHILDREN in later days will read about Stalingrad as they do now about Thermopylae or Hastings or Waterloo. But only persons alive today can sense, even faintly, the reality of that fierce epic. Many of the houses of Stalingrad are new and had neat front yards; four hundred gray-green Nazi bodies were seen the other day sprawled in the front yards along a single block. Every house is a stronghold concealing Russian fighters; every person fights who can shoot or throw a hand grenade. Homes are stormed like forts; taken, lost, retaken, blown to pieces. Business blocks provide ambush for defending forces; guerrillas can operate almost as well as in forests and mountains. The city becomes a labyrinth of fortifications—flimsy, compared to the real thing, but possible to defend to the last brick, to the last heartbeat.

Stalingrad still holds out as this issue goes to press. And the agony of the Russian resistance begins to touch the nerves of men and women as nothing has done since the siege of Madrid. Some stories of courage and death can be read with detachment, only half believed, pushed out of the mind. Stalingrad cannot be forgotten by any but the most obtuse. The unremitting ferocity of the attack; the resistance of the Russians that persists beyond all imagining; the knowledge that if Stalingrad falls, much more than a battle is lost—all this has helped break down the emotional defenses of the watching world. Stalingrad has ceased to be the name of a steel town in the Volga valley; it is Manchester, Chicago, Kansas City. Its body-strewn yards are our own; its desperate, valiant people—are they as we? Could we fight so strongly, die so well? We may have a chance to find out. Especially if Stalingrad falls.

A full appreciation of the towering importance of Russia's struggle to the Allied cause has grown slowly. If it had existed a year ago, a second front in Europe would probably have been opened last spring, when the Nazi drive to the east began. Today a second front seems likely to be put off till next spring. Where will the Nazi armies be then? If Stalingrad falls, the Germans will try to find a stopping place for the winter; they will try to stabilize the line and begin to mop up the conquered land. Last year the Russians held them in a bloody embrace and gave them no rest. Will the Red Army have the strength to do the same thing this year?

Russia will not surrender; nor will it make peace. But who can guarantee that it can go on fighting with the ferocity of these past weeks? If Stalingrad falls and no second front seems imminent, the Red Army may be as glad as the German army to accept a *de facto* temporary armistice; to dig in until its supplies are replenished, its troops refreshed and reinforced, and—most important of all—until its Allies begin to fight Hitler in Europe. That such a respite would aid the enemy no one can doubt. It would give Hitler time, too, to reorganize his depleted forces. It would permit him to move masses of men to the west. But at the worst it would be better than the total defeat of Russia, and if Stalingrad falls, a period of relative inaction may be the only alternative to defeat.

The full and frank report of the Canadian government on the Battle of Dieppe throws new light on the problems involved in launching a full-fledged invasion of Europe. The report does not balance gains and losses, but it leaves the impression that the net result was a debit. Among the Canadians, who made up five-sixths of the land forces engaged, there were 3,350 casualties. More than two-thirds were listed as missing; of these a majority are probably prisoners.

The expedition suffered bad luck in a chance encounter with a German convoy which delayed the force scheduled to land east of Dieppe until after daybreak. The troops going ashore at Pourville, two miles west of the town, were able to drive some miles inland before they withdrew. If the expedition had been the spearhead of an invasion, instead of a reconnaissance, a beachhead might have been established at that point and reinforcements landed in numbers, making possible a flanking attack on Dieppe, which proved to be strongly defended against frontal assault.

The raid on Dieppe, however, should not lead to the conclusion that an invasion force would necessarily suffer proportionately heavy losses. Major General Russell P. Hartle, commander of the American troops in Ulster, was quoted in the New York *Sun* on September 18 as saying: "Right now, say in October, we might storm the Continent and lose a couple of corps in doing so, but we would be there and we would push ahead." A couple of corps would mean nearly 100,000 men—a heavy price for a landing. But a second front is not to be had without cost, and the loss of life in the west would be balanced by lives saved in the east, where for more than a year Russian blood has been poured out in unstinting measure.

The question to be asked is not how many men would be killed if an invasion were launched this fall, but rather, would the cost not be still greater and the chance of success still smaller next spring when Hitler may have stabilized the Russian front and shifted a large part of his army to the west?

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Why Cripps Failed

BY LOUIS FISCHER

[*In the first half of this article Louis Fischer discussed the withdrawal of Cripps's original promise of a responsible Cabinet government for India and the reluctance of the Indians to consider plans for the future before arriving at a satisfactory settlement for the present.* —EDITORS THE NATION.]

II

IT WAS to these questions of the present that Congress and Cripps addressed themselves very soon after Cripps arrived in India. Cripps had promised the Congress leaders a real national government. But since the power of such a government would depend on the extent to which it participated in defense activities, this subject was the first to be discussed in detail. Difficulties appeared immediately. In talking of the post-war future Cripps was free from the inhibition of practical considerations. But in implementing Article E* during the war he had to consult with the Viceroy and General Wavell. On March 30 Cripps wrote a letter to President Azad which began: "I had the opportunity of a short talk with H. E. the Viceroy last night, during which he discussed with me his views as to the implementation of Clause E of the draft declaration."

This had an ominous ring. The rest of the letter bears that out. "The Viceroy," Cripps went on, "would be prepared to consult with Indian leaders on this basis to see whether it were possible to designate an Indian to some office connected with the Government of India's defense responsibilities without in any way impinging upon the functions and duties of the Commander-in-Chief. . . ." This was offensively vague. Apparently matters were being taken out of Cripps's hands. On April 1 Cripps wrote another letter to Azad suggesting that he and Nehru meet with General Wavell. Meanwhile Cripps had decided to go back to England on April 6, but on April 2 he told his press conference that he had postponed his departure for a few days. On the same occasion he denied that he had been faced with the resignation of three British generals if he agreed to the demand for an Indian as defense member of the government. He likewise categorically denied the report that the Viceroy was raising difficulties. The *Hindustan Times* of April 3 declared editorially that "Sir Stafford Cripps's decision to postpone his departure by a few days will be heartily welcomed in this country." The *Hindustan Times* is edited by Devadas Gandhi, Mahatma Gandhi's son, and financed by G. Birla, a rich Indian capitalist at whose home in New Delhi the Congress Working Committee sat permanently during the Cripps negotiations. "No one who has the interests of the country at heart," the *Hindustan Times* continued, "wants to wreck Sir Stafford Cripps's mission."

General Wavell, General Sir Alan Hartley, and Major General Molesworth, deputy chief of staff of the British army in India, met Azad and Nehru in Wavell's house on April 4 for half an hour. Four of the participants in that interview have described it to me; it was a complete fiasco.

Cripps wired London. The fruit of these and other consultations was the plan submitted by Cripps to Congress in a letter dated April 7. It proposed that "an Indian representative member would be added to the Viceroy's executives"; this Indian "would take over those sections of the Department of Defense which can organizationally be separated immediately from the Commander-in-Chief's War Department." These sections were specified in an "annexure." What were the sections which would be taken away from Wavell and handed to a representative Indian? They were "public relations," "demobilization and post-war reconstruction," the distribution of petrol, "amenities" for the troops, "all canteen organizations," "certain non-technical educational institutions," "stationery, printing, and forms for the army," the reception of foreign missions, evacuation of civilians from threatened areas, economic warfare, and signals coordination.

The Indians laughed. "They were ready to trust us with canteens and the printing of stationery," a well-known Indian leader scoffed. The Congress Working Committee denounced this defense formula as "totally insufficient."

Again the threat of a breakdown. At this stage Colonel Louis Johnson, who had just arrived in India as President Roosevelt's personal representative, entered upon the scene on the invitation of Sir Stafford Cripps. Louis Johnson conferred with Lord Linlithgow, the Viceroy, and with Wavell, Cripps, and Nehru. He finally evolved a second formula, by which "the Defense Department shall be placed in charge of a representative Indian member with the exception of functions to be exercised by the Commander-in-Chief as War Member of the Executive Council. A War Department will be constituted which will take over such functions of the Defense Department as are not retained by the defense member. A list of all the retained functions has been

* The clause providing for the defense of India in the present war.

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agreed. . . ." This formula made it possible for the negotiations to go on.

When the Congress Working Committee received Johnson's formula, it amended it slightly to read as follows:

> The Defense Department shall be placed in the charge of a representative Indian member, but certain functions relating to the conduct of the war will be exercised, for the duration of war, by the Commander-in-Chief, who will be in control of the war activities of the armed forces in India, and who will be an extraordinary member of the National Cabinet for that purpose.
>
> A War Department will be constituted under the Commander-in-Chief. This department will take over such functions as are to be exercised by the Commander-in-Chief. A list of such functions has been prepared and is attached.
>
> The Defense Member shall be in charge of all other matters relating to defense, including those now dealt with by the Defense Coordination Department.

With this formula the Congress Working Committee sent along a letter stating that "in view of the war and the obvious necessity of allowing full scope for war operations to the Commander-in-Chief, functions relating to the conduct of the war are delegated to him and are to be exercised by him for the duration of the war. He will, in effect, have full control of these operations and of the war activities of the armed forces in India."

On April 8 Cripps introduced a few changes in this formula and delivered it to the Working Committee. Cripps's formula read:

> The Defense Department shall be placed in the charge of a representative Indian member, but certain functions relating to the conduct of the war will be exercised, until the new constitution comes into operation, by the Commander-in-Chief, who will be in control of the armed forces in India, and who will be a member of the Executive Council for that purpose.
>
> A War Department will be constituted under the Commander-in-Chief. This department will take over such functions as are to be exercised by the Commander-in-Chief. A list of such functions has been prepared and is attached.
>
> The Defense Member shall be in charge of all other matters relating to defense in the Defense Department and those now dealt with by the Defense Coordination Department in addition to other important matters closely related to defense.
>
> In the event of any new functions failing to be discharged in relation to defense or any dispute arising as to the allocation of any old functions, it shall be decided by His Majesty's Government.

It will be seen that the two formulas were very close. Whereas the Congress formula provided that the Commander-in-Chief would exercise his functions "for the duration of the war," Cripps made it "until the new constitution comes into operation." The Congress formula called the Commander-in-Chief "an extraordinary member of the National Cabinet," whereas Cripps called him "a member of the [Viceroy's] Executive Council." As a matter of fact, however, Cripps attached no list of functions. And everything depended on the list. Despite this lapse, the general atmosphere at New Delhi improved, and it appeared that a settlement was near. In fact, press reports went out to America and other countries that a settlement had been reached. Indians and foreigners in New Delhi were optimistic.

At lunch time on April 9 Colonel Louis Johnson helped to arrange an appointment for Azad and Nehru with Cripps at five-thirty that afternoon. It was expected that Cripps would be able to announce to them an agreement on the defense formula. Instead he informed them in a brief interview that India could not have a national government and that he was going home. This was the break.

What had happened?

While in India, Cripps told members of his staff and non-Englishmen too that before he left England he had asked Winston Churchill to remove the Viceroy from office. He had apparently anticipated trouble from the Viceroy. Churchill, according to Cripps, replied that such a step would be inconvenient, and that the Viceroy would not interfere with the negotiations, although Wavell did have the final word on defense questions. Cripps maintained, however, that he had full authority to set up a real Cabinet government in India. On April 9 this authority was specifically withdrawn in new instructions to Cripps cabled from London. Cripps was told therein that he could not go beyond the text of the British government's draft declaration unless he obtained the consent of the Viceroy and Wavell. That explains the collapse of the Cripps mission. The same evening Cripps said that his enemies had defeated him.

Cripps packed his bags. One more important effort was made to retrieve the situation. Throughout the month of February, 1942, watching Japan advance in the Far East, President Roosevelt had taken a lively interest in the Indian question, and when the British Cabinet finally decided to send the Cripps mission to India, the White House dispatched to Churchill a proposal for the solution of the Indian problem. President Roosevelt followed every step of the Cripps negotiations, and when the break came on April 9, he tried to persuade Churchill to keep Cripps in India and resume the talks. But Cripps did not stay.

On April 10, before Cripps's departure, President Azad wrote Cripps a solemn letter. The Congress Party, he said, was "prepared to do without any assurances for this uncertain future" after the war, but Article E regarding the immediate war effort was vague. "When

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this vagueness was pointed out," Azad wrote, "you said that this was deliberate so as to give you freedom to determine these changes in consultation with others. In our talks you gave us to understand that you envisaged a national government which would deal with all matters except defense." "But," Azad argued, "the chief functions of a national government must necessarily be to organize defense both intensively and on the widest popular basis and to create a mass psychology of resistance to an invader. . . . Popular resistance must have a national background, and both the soldier and the civilian must feel that they are fighting for their country's freedom under national leadership." Congress had been conciliatory, Azad contended:

> With a view to arriving at a settlement, we were prepared to accept certain limitations on the normal powers of the Defense Minister. We had no desire to upset in the middle of the war the present military organization or arrangements. We accepted also that the higher strategy of the war should be controlled by the War Cabinet in London, which would have an Indian member. The immediate object before us was to make the defense of India more effective, to strengthen it, to broad base it on the popular will, and to reduce all red tape, delay, and inefficiency from it. There was no question of our interfering with the technical and operational sides. One thing, of course, was of paramount importance to us—India's safety and defense. Subject to this primary consideration, there was no reason why there should be any difficulty in finding a way out of the present impasse in accordance with the unanimous desire of the Indian people, for in this matter there are no differences among us.

It is clear from the negotiations on the defense formula that the Indians wished to do more for the defense of their country than the British were ready to allow them to do. Gandhi's pacifism did not enter into it. Azad, Nehru, Rajagopalachari, and other Congress leaders are not pacifists, and Gandhi knows it. They wanted to fight the war. Instead, they were told they could run the canteens, print forms, and conduct economic warfare.

Cripps replied to Azad on April 11 stating that Indians would be in charge of internal order, police, war finance, railways, supplies for all the forces, ammunitions, propaganda, A. R. P., and labor. But "nothing further could have been done by way of giving responsibility for defense services to representative Indian members. . . . This defense is, as you know, a paramount duty and responsibility of His Majesty's Government. . . ."

"The real substance of your refusal to take part in a national government," he said, "is that the form of government suggested is not such as would enable you to rally the Indian people as you desire." Cripps argued that "a Cabinet government" would require constitutional changes which are impossible in war time and that such a Cabinet, "nominated presumably by the major political organizations, would be responsible to no one but itself; could not be removed, and would, in fact, constitute an absolute dictatorship of the majority."

Cripps was thus introducing the Hindu-Moslem issue into the negotiations. This issue had never previously been discussed in the talks on the immediate war-time arrangements, and it did not have to be discussed. As Cripps himself said, the Cabinet government would consist of persons nominated by "the major political organizations," in other words, Congress and the Moslem League, and if this constituted an "absolute dictatorship of the majority," that is, the Hindu majority, how could you ever get any Indian government in India? For the Hindus are the majority in India, a majority of three Hindus to one Moslem. Cripps was in fact saying that India could never be free and united. He was in fact implying that India had to be divided. This is the logical conclusion of what he and many British imperialists have been saying in recent months.

Mahatma Gandhi

Cripps's other objection was that there could be no Indian national government without far-reaching constitutional changes which would have to be voted by the British Parliament in London. He suggested as a substitute an Indianized Viceroy's Executive Council. But in his first press interview in New Delhi on March 29 Cripps was quoted by the entire press of India as saying that "a good deal could be done by changing the conventions or adopting new ones—he particularly mentioned that the Executive Council could become a Cabinet."

Professor Reginald Coupland, who went out to India in the autumn of 1941 to study its constitutional problems and then joined the Cripps mission, writes in his book on the mission that "the Viceroy alone could determine the composition of a Council with which he would have to work. But it was generally believed that the Viceroy was willing to consider an all-Indian Council," with himself and the British Commander-in-Chief as members. Even this, Coupland states, would require an act of Parliament. But the Viceroy, he continues, "is specifically entitled by the Act [of India, 1935] to dissent from the majority opinion of his Council."

To meet the constitutional difficulty, some British and Indian moderates suggested, and Congress leaders

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agreed, that the Viceroy might, if he could be prevailed upon to do so, enter into a gentleman's agreement not to exercise his veto. Professor Coupland, however, declares that such "an undertaking not to use the overriding power would be a breach of the law." When Cripps encountered difficulties in the setting up of a national government he tried to convince Congress that "ultimately there was always the possibility of the members of the Executive Council resigning or threatening to resign it they disagreed with the Viceroy." Congress felt that this was an unhealthy and impossible arrangement by which to conduct serious war-time business. If the party representatives resigned owing to disagreement with the Viceroy, that would be the end of the scheme that Cripps brought to India, and then the Viceroy could appoint a new Executive Council consisting of his own Indian puppets.

It has been argued that such a Cabinet would be irremovable. That is correct. But by whom is the Viceroy's Executive Council removable? Not by the Indian people or any Indian party. Is Churchill removable? In principle, yes; in fact, it would be very difficult. Every majority is irksome to the minority.

The realistic answer to all the constitutional quibbling is this: As Gandhi and everybody else in India agrees, the British armed forces and the American armed forces must stay in India to fight this war. If the British allowed an Indian government to be set up in these circumstances, that government would not exercise complete power. The British would retain a great deal of power, and certainly enough to prevent chaos or a separate peace. The best time for the British to begin the transfer of political power to the Indians is in war time when so much of the physical control of the country remains in British hands. But the British do not see it that way: it is not a matter of legalisms; the will is simply not there.

The Cripps mission, accordingly, boils down to this: Sir Stafford offered the Indians a post-war settlement which they all rejected. For the war, he offered them participation in a Viceroy's Council similar in power to the Council which already existed and in which the Viceroy's voice was stronger than that of its Indian membership. He offered them very limited tasks, such as canteens, etc., in the defense of their country. Congress would have none of it because it was convinced that on this basis the enthusiasm and cooperation of the Indian masses for the war could not be enlisted.

If this is all that Sir Stafford Cripps carried to India, why did he go at all?

I think that Sir Stafford had two hopes. First, that his old friendship with Jawaharlal Nehru and his record as an exponent of Indian freedom would prevail over all practical difficulties. Second, that the gravity of Britain's military position in the Far East would pry the reactionary imperialists loose from their traditional intransigent attitude toward Indian freedom and enable him to go beyond the text of his offer. So he told the Congress leaders that they could have a real national government not subject to the Viceroy's veto. He told the princes that after the war England would surely get out of India and that they would have to trim their royal sails to the new wind of freedom. He told a deputation of British business men in India which included R. R. Haddow, president of the Bengal Chamber of Commerce, Sir J. H. Richardson, leader of the European group in the Central Legislative Assembly, and C. P. Lawson, chairman of the European Association, that their long day in India was done and that in the future free India they would not enjoy special privileges. These British business men protested to British officials in New Delhi and, by cable, to Winston Churchill. The princes likewise stormed. British officials in India and elsewhere refused to countenance a real Indian national government. All these forces pulled wires and brought their influence to bear against Sir Stafford's success.

Cripps knows this better than I do.

Then how explain Cripps's behavior after the collapse of his mission to India?

Cripps's article in the New York *Times* of August 23, 1942, contains innumerable statements which are demonstrably misleading. Like other recent utterances by Cripps, it repeats many of the ancient imperialist arguments which Cripps castigated in his non-official past. Cripps, for instance, now stresses the difficulties created by the Moslem League's position. But when he returned from his non-official visit to India in 1940 he wrote as follows (See "Stafford Cripps, Prophetic Rebel" by Eric Estorick):

> The controllers of the Moslem League are drawn almost entirely from the professional, landlord, or industrial class of well-to-do Moslems, whose interests are quite different from those of the Moslem masses. . . . They would like to see the return of the Moslem domination in India, . . . but as this is impossible they have regarded the continuation of British rule as on the whole the lesser of two evil alternatives. The other is the government of India by peasants and workers through adult suffrage and a democratic Indian constitution. They fear this latter alternative even more than they dislike British rule. It is for this reason that they have refused to support the demands of Congress. . . . We must ask ourselves whether the 250 million Hindus are to be denied self-government because 80 million Moslems either are afraid of it or put forward an impractical suggestion for the division of India. . . . In truth, if the 80 million Moslems were left to make their own political decision without any injection of communal animosity, the great majority of them would support the Congress Party's program. In fact, many of them do

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today. . . . The attitude that is being adopted today by the British government is that they can and will do nothing further until the Hindus and the Moslems settle their differences. This gives the reactionary leaders of the Moslem League the power to prevent the people of India getting self-government almost indefinitely. It is this attitude that the British government is in fact encouraging whether consciously or unconsciously.

Where is the fine, humane Stafford who wrote those words in 1940? He is in the British government and doing the same wrong to India which he then charged against the British government. For me, this is the saddest phase of the entire Cripps mission. If Cripps had failed and remained the old Cripps, the tragedy would have been much smaller than it is.

I do not know what happened inside the heart and mind of Cripps. I can easily imagine the torment through which he passed. What alternatives were open to him after his failure in India? He might have resigned and attacked the Churchill government. That is a difficult decision to take in war time. Churchill would undoubtedly have won the battle. Cripps would have been branded a dangerous non-conformist who would not submit to discipline in the Labor Party and who now breaks discipline as a member of the British War Cabinet. He would have been called a bad soldier and a bad loser. It would have been said that he went beyond his written instructions. His immediate usefulness might have been destroyed. His official career might have been cut short—at least for a time. He apparently preferred to stay inside to toe the line. I believe deeply that by doing so he harmed himself and his country. He was the possible alternative to Churchill and the hope of England. He may still be—perhaps this is the star that guided his action. India diminished his chances. But one might understand what he did—without justifying it—if he had at least kept quiet and refrained from adopting all the threadbare, obsolete phrases about India which his diehard colleagues have been using for decades. What a victory they must be celebrating!

European Travelogue—1942

BY ARTHUR MANDELBAUM

AND what's that?" The man with the rough haircut looks maliciously at me, and the swastika in his buttonhole glitters. He pulls one of my wife's gowns out of the trunk, raises it to his nose, sniffs, rips a seam, and says, "You can't take it with you; it's a new one."

My wife tries to explain to him that the gown is not new, but used and altered. He doesn't pay any attention.

The scene is not in Germany, but at the little frontier railway station of Eaux-Vives on the outskirts of Geneva, in "free" Switzerland. Since the main railway lines from Geneva go through occupied France, which can be entered only with the special permission of the German military authorities, that little station is the only door leading from Central Europe out into the world.

Passengers leaving Switzerland have to go through a rigorous German customs clearance. Only used clothing, food for twenty-four hours, a small piece of soap, and twenty cigarettes may be taken across the frontier—no new things or articles that could be used in war.

The Swiss customs official who is ransacking my trunk takes my little amateur camera and gives it to the German officer. The Nazi examines the lens contemptously and puts the camera back into my trunk. The Swiss soldier on duty at the station, who is helping my wife to repack the trunks, says in a loud voice, "Take it easy, Madame! This will not continue much longer."

A young girl accompanied by a nurse has a box of ten small tubes of medicine. "Not allowed," says the German officer. "But it is absolutely necessary for her," the nurse tries to persuade him. "She needs it once a day; she cannot live without it." The Nazi does not listen.

Somebody has the idea of calling up the German embassy at Berne. After a short hesitation the voice at the other end of the line gives the necessary permission. "But," it says, "one more question: Is she a Jewess?" Having received an affirmative answer, the voice says, "In that case, I can't help. She must leave the medicine here." At that moment the Swiss customs official seizes the box from the hand of the German and without saying a word puts it resolutely into the girl's bag.

What now? everybody asks himself anxiously. But the Nazi acts as though nothing had happened and seems to be very busy with another passenger's trunk.

Our train is the express to the Spanish frontier. Because of the shortage of coal it goes only twice a week instead of three times a day as before the war and for the 500 miles takes eighteen hours instead of seven. Tickets have to be reserved two weeks in advance.

The man at the window in the corridor took part in the Battle of Belgium as a lieutenant in the infantry. "Do you see these men?" He points to a group of young soldiers standing on the platform of a little station. Their uniforms are ragged, their shoes torn. (I saw similar

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groups at nearly every railway station.) "They are going to Provence. A new army is going to be assembled there. France has not spoken her last word in this war, yet."

"And the Germans?"

"The *Boches?* They know they have lost the game since they began the Russian adventure. I was told so by many of them. They don't believe in their cause anymore. And how can you carry on with soldiers who have lost faith? France can testify to that. We are only waiting for the right time. And for arms, too."

"What do you think about your government?"

"I'll tell you a story about what happened recently in our town. A young woman who had lost her job was allowed to earn her living by singing patriotic songs in the streets. She stood at a corner of the main street and sang a new song:

> Comme la France est belle
> Quand Pétain y règne!

But she did it so apathetically and sadly that she was arrested a few days later."

"Do all Frenchmen feel as you do?"

"The people, yes. But there are beneficiaries of the present regime in every town."

We approach the Spanish frontier, through Argelès, Rivesaltes, and other places well known since the tragic retreat of the Spanish Republican army, hardly three years ago. The concentration camps are still there, filled with Spanish Republicans, anti-fascists, and Jewish refugees.

At Cerbère, the frontier station, the inspection is over quickly. My wife gives the woman inspector some of our sandwiches. She takes them and apologizes, "Only for my children. And please excuse me. When you come back, the war will be over. Then I shall not be here, neither I nor the inspection. Good luck to you in the meantime!"

Children and dogs! They never leave you all through Spain. They creep out of the ruins of houses and look dumbly up at the windows of the train. A little girl lifts her dirty shirt and says proudly, "Can you count my ribs?" The dog at her side seems to ask the same question.

Hunger over Spain! Three ounces of bread a day, yellow corn bread, tasteless, like sand between the teeth. Close-cropped, black-dressed women sit at the street corners, with arms outstretched apathetically, the signs of typhus on their gaunt cheeks, the fever still flaring in their eyes. Hunger next to plenty; in the windows of the luxury delicatessen stores is the finest food—meat, cheese, cookies, candy, chocolate, and wonderful white bread. This is no black market; it is legal to buy as much as you want, at exorbitant prices. A pound of bread, for instance, costs ten pesetas (one dollar). All these marvelous things are under the protection of armed soldiers, inside and outside the stores. Guards are in every large shop, hotel, and bank. In the foyer of the travel office I saw eight men with fixed bayonets.

In Barcelona we learn that we have to wait some days for our train to Madrid. There is only one train a day, and all seats are taken for several days. In Barcelona in the evening the crowds walk up and down the Ramblas as in happier times. But something has changed. What has become of the gaiety which always resounded in the streets? One meets many crippled young men, victims of the recent war. Franco's men got newsstands and lottery booths. The Republicans may go begging, if they are not confined in one of the numerous concentration camps.

We are ten in the dirty compartment of the train—workmen, peasants, merchants. They amuse themselves by guessing our nationality. And when they discover that we aren't Germans but have been expelled by the Nazis from our country, they compete in showing us their sympathy. In Switzerland we were told to keep our cigarettes for Spain, for the whole of Spain could be bought for a couple of them. But these poor workmen give us their last bit of tobacco so we can roll a cigarette. At the stations they run out to bring us fresh water, lemonade, and fruit. "We are as unhappy as you," they tell us again and again.

One of them asks me when I think the war will be over—this year or next?

"I don't know; in two or three years perhaps."

He bursts out laughing. "Two or three years? No, already it *is* over. They have lost it."

"Who, the Germans?"

"Sure, no doubt about it."

Suddenly a word runs through the train, from mouth to mouth—Guadalajara! Everybody rushes to the windows. A young man explains: "Here we were, and there was the enemy." The trenches are quite easy to recognize on both sides of the railroad. The man tells simply but impressively about the progress of the battle. "It was here where I was wounded. By an Italian bullet."

Later my wife asks him, "And now? Have you forgotten for what you fought?" And he says, with a delicate smile, but proudly, "Madame, that cannot be forgotten. That is not finished yet." And again, "That cannot be forgotten." The old peasant who has not said a word till now turns to my wife and says, shaking his head, "No, young lady, that will not be forgotten, ever."

It grows silent in our compartment after these words. Everybody is absorbed in his thoughts.

Finally, after eighteen hours, we arrive at Madrid. There seems to be a riot in front of the station. In the confusion the man with my luggage disappears. The policeman whom I ask to help me shrugs his shoulders. "There are plenty of thieves. All these people would

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gladly carry your trunks and disappear like your man. Wait here; I'll see what I can do."

Somebody pulls me by the sleeve: my man! He gives me the luggage ticket. "No, Señor, I am not a thief. They are all out of work. And everyone is looking for an occasional job." He asks me whether we have rooms. No, we haven't. "Then come with me. My brother-in-law has a small boarding-house; we can reach it in a few minutes. The hotels are overcrowded. Tomorrow the Caliph of Morocco will be here, and the day after there will be the parade of the Blue Legion, just returned from Russia."

On the way he talks about his family. He is married and has four children.

"Why are you out of work?"

"I was a militia man, and since the war I cannot get a job."

"Are there still reprisals?"

"There are no more mass executions, but if a personal enemy denounces you for having done this or that, they do what they did to my brother a few months ago. They took him out of his bed, and in the morning a police car picked up his body in one of the public parks."

"Do you regret what you have done?"

"Regret it? Never! If it should begin again tomorrow, I would do exactly the same thing as in 1936."

The parade of the Blue Legion was the great event of the summer season in Madrid. In the evening when the soldiers lingered about the town, I had the opportunity to speak to one of them, a young man of twenty-five.

"It was terrible, Señor. The 1,400 boys you saw in the parade are the remnant of 5,000 who marched out of here last fall."

"You are volunteers, aren't you?"

"Volunteers?" He laughs bitterly. "They picked us from different regiments, a company here, a company there. Nobody asked us whether we agreed or not." Suddenly, without saying a word, he turns away and disappears among the crowd. I look around; two men of the military police are watching me suspiciously.

On the way to Lisbon we have a second-class compartment together with an older couple and their daughter. He is an aristocrat and landed proprietor.

"Yes, Germany will lose this war. Not so soon, but there is no other possible outcome. You see, they are enemies of the church. And the church has always been victorious over her enemies, exactly as in our civil war. I told them, 'You may change everything you want but don't touch the church.'"

"But Russia is an irreligious country, and nevertheless it is fighting against Germany?"

"The Russian government may be irreligious, but the Russian people were always religious and still are. Germany is the Antichrist."

"But your government is helping the Antichrist?"

"We have to pay our debts, Señor. We pay them with blood and food."

And after a while: "Yes, Señor, it is a real shame."

The next day we are in Portugal, a land of abundance. For the first time in years, we can eat our fill.

Russian Lives and Oil Patents

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, September 20

I AM ashamed to report that while the Russians have been fighting heroically in defense of our country as well as their own, we have been giving them a run-around. They have been trying for more than a year to obtain the use of certain American processes and facilities in order to build new plants in the Soviet Union for the production of aviation gas and other oil products. These are especially important now after the losses suffered in the Caucasus. While the Russians give lives, we haggle over oil patents. Months ago they picked some broken-down refineries in Texas and arranged to buy them. They wanted to dismantle them and, with some new equipment, set them up again in the Soviet Union. But many patents are involved in the refining operations of these plants, and many other complications seemed to spring up in the negotiations. The deal has been hanging fire for months. It is "about to be concluded any day now."

The basic obstacle, in my opinion, is that the big oil companies, while ready enough to sell Russia oil, are unwilling to allow it to use their patents and processes. They fear—so narrow are their horizons in the greatest war of history—that these processes may enable the Soviet Union to sell more oil on the world market after the war is over. Most of our difficulties here arise from just this kind of post-war planning, a subject which seems to interest many sections of big business much more than the war itself. One of the principal instruments of the big oil companies in postponing and delaying this important form of aid to our Soviet ally has been the State Department.

Soviet negotiations for these oil processes began back in January, 1941. At that time the State Department and

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the Board of Economic Warfare objected on the ground that the Soviet Union was Hitler's "ally." After June 22, 1941, at least three directives were issues by the President in as many months instructing subordinate officials to give the Russians all possible aid in this field. The State Department, nevertheless, continued to interpose objections. The officials who figure in this anti-Soviet episode are Max W. Thornburg, the department's adviser on international oil matters; A. A. Berle; and Loy W. Henderson. They doubted the Soviet Union's competence in oil production, a field in which it has won the respect of the American oil industry. They questioned whether we could spare the materials the Russians wanted. They suggested that an "expert" be sent to the Soviet Union to investigate. Thornburg is a State Department dollar-a-year man from Bahrein Petroleum, the Persian Gulf subsidiary of the Texas Company and Standard Oil of California.

In the meantime, I. G. Farben's past collaborators in this country and in England seem to have taken over strategic posts in the negotiations. The companies to which I refer are Standard of New Jersey, Shell, Texas, Standard of Indiana, Universal Oil Products, and the M. W. Kellogg Company. They have been slow to help the Soviet Union but quick to take advantage of its necessities. These companies figure in the patent pools dissolved by the consent decree in the I. G. Farben cartel case. On the excuse that joint action is required to do business with the Russians, these companies have pooled the same patent processes involved in that case in a new company called the International Catalytic Oil Processes Corporation. On the same excuse they got clearance from the Department of Justice last fall. In March of this year, just a few days before the I. G. Farben consent decree was filed, they obtained the blessing of Deputy Petroleum Coordinator Ralph K. Davies, a Standard of California man. The Petroleum Coordinator's Office issues "recommendations." "Recommendation No. 42" provides for "cooperative development" of processes by this pool "so that the developments and improvements" may be made available to the Soviet Union! Clever folk, these oil men.

The cast of characters is interesting. Early last fall an adviser was appointed to help the Petroleum Coordinator's Office on Russian affairs. He turned out to be Frank A. Howard, vice-president of Standard Oil of New Jersey. Howard was one of the three defendants in the cartel case. One of the counts to which he pleaded *nolo contendere,* the equivalent in New York and most jurisdictions of guilty, is relevant here. Standard, Shell, and I. G. Farben agreed that "no license for production of petroleum products from coal should be given to the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics." It would be too bad, from Hitler's point of view, if the Russians, now that the Caucasus is endangered, had a few plants beyond the Urals for making synthetic petroleum from coal.

One of Howard's employees has obtained leave of absence to act as associate director of the foreign division of the Petroleum Coordinator's Office. He is William D. Crampton, formerly Standard's representative in France. His name appeared in the documents in the I. G. Farben case dealing with the attempt of the Germans to obtain synthetic-oil rights for occupied France from a patent company jointly owned by Standard, Shell, and I. G. The head of that foreign division is James T. Duce of the California Arabian Oil Company, also a joint enterprise of Standard of California and the Texas Company. All exports of refining facilities and processes, whether by Lend-Lease or the Board of Economic Warfare, must clear through this division. I have no evidence that this power has been abused, and Crampton has on at least one occasion helped speed an oil shipment to the Soviet Union. The one point which can fairly be made is that power over exports has been placed in the hands of men from one particular oil group.

These men, in passing on proposed exports, decide whether the materials can be spared from this country and whether they are technically sound and useful. A Standard Oil or Texas Company man might honestly think some independent process of little value. In this connection it must be noted that independent oil companies with valuable processes have complained to the anti-trust division of the Department of Justice that they could not get clearance on exports to our allies. One process mentioned was a well-known device for reclaiming aviation lubricants. The oil-trust crowd has done its best to discourage its use in this country and does not care to have it shipped abroad. It cuts down the sale of lubricating oil.

When the Senate Patents Committee went into the files of the Petroleum Coordinator's Office, it found a gap between Howard's appointment as Russian adviser and an angry letter received from Harry Hopkins in March asking why there was so much delay on the Russian request for oil facilities. Since then there has been long haggling over royalties and patent rights. The President, Hopkins, Morgenthau, Ickes, Stettinius, and Hull are the top officials involved. All but Hull have shown themselves sincerely anxious to speed aid to the Russians, but that does not seem enough. Some ten years ago H. G. Wells interviewed Stalin. In the course of the discussion, as I remember the story, Stalin said, "In my country the state controls the economy; in yours the economy controls the state." I hope the Soviets will forgive us. The same forces which impede aid to them also impede aid to ourselves. This, if they remember their Marxist primers, is how monopoly capitalism operates in war.

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POLITICAL WAR EDITED BY J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

IN STARTING this section our purpose is very simple. We intend to underline the revolutionary character of the war and help develop a political strategy through which the democratic elements in all countries may overcome the forces of reaction and capitulation, and free the peoples of the world from the tragic conflict of fighting under colors not their own.

The section will be a weapon in this political war. It will be turned against the confusions and hesitations of democratic policy as well as against the horrors of Axis rule; against the Quislings who do Hitler's bidding in Oslo and Brussels and Vichy, but also against the potential Quislings concealed in Washington and London and Buenos Aires; against all theories of national dominance, whether of Nazi or Anglo-Saxon origin, which betray the hope of a democratic victory and a people's peace.

Behind this department will be no single personality. It will serve its political purpose only if it succeeds in rallying all people who really understand the character of the present war. We count on them for suggestions and information.—J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO.

How to Help France

BY ANTONIO HUERTA

IT IS impossible for anyone living in a normal political atmosphere to understand the kind of political struggle going on in Europe today—a Europe occupied or threatened by Nazi armies. For more than a year and a half—since the fall of Paris—I have lived the tragedy of France. I might have escaped sooner; I remained partly out of loyalty to other Spanish refugees but even more because of my intense desire to see France slowly awakening to revolt.

To begin with, certain distinctions must be made. Since I came to the New World, I have read much about the divisions within France. From my own observation and the reports of men still working there, I believe that present-day France can be divided into four groups.

There is, first, the group of collaborationists, centered in Paris with a few offshoots in Vichy, Marseilles, Toulon, in that order of importance. In numbers they constitute an insignificant group, perhaps not more than 2 per cent of the entire population of France, but they have at their disposal all the resources of power in the occupied zone and almost all in the unoccupied zone. To this group belong those who have been bought by the Germans, "racists" of every shade, the advocates of the 1940 capitulation, and all those who hate England because it stands for traditional liberalism and parliamentary democracy in Europe. It is a group of captains without soldiers, a collection ranging from Laval to Maurras, and taking in along the way Darlan, De Brinon, Laure, Doriot, Deloncle, Déat, Vallat, and their acolytes Dumoulin, Marion, Delbeque, Luchaire, and company.

Second, there are those whose only policy is to stall for time, who, though they would prefer not to fall completely under German hegemony, are only really interested in remaining in power, and so waver between a half no and a final inevitable yes. This is the group that centers around Pétain; it is not much stronger than the first in spite of the prominent position held by its chief.

Third, there are those who want a victory for the democracies because it seems to them the only chance for a national rebirth of France. This is a large group in which are found army officers, monarchists, and former members of the Croix de Feu. It includes roughly 25 per cent of the population in the occupied zone and some 10 per cent in the unoccupied. Its representative figure is General de la Laurencie, now under arrest. From this section were drawn originally, just after the fall of France, the main elements of resistance.

Fourth, the group that wants an Allied victory in order to reestablish an independent France, but also because victory means, for some, a restoration of freedom, for others, defeat of the hated *Boche*. This group embraces three-fourths of the French population in both zones. In the beginning it did not furnish many recruits for the underground movement; now it supplies them in greater number than the third group.

In the fight against Hitler, what counts are groups three and four. It is to them that Allied propaganda and political action must be directed. And that being the case, it is easy to see why so much of what they have had so far seems absurd and exasperating. No Frenchman from those two groups, which are in active opposition

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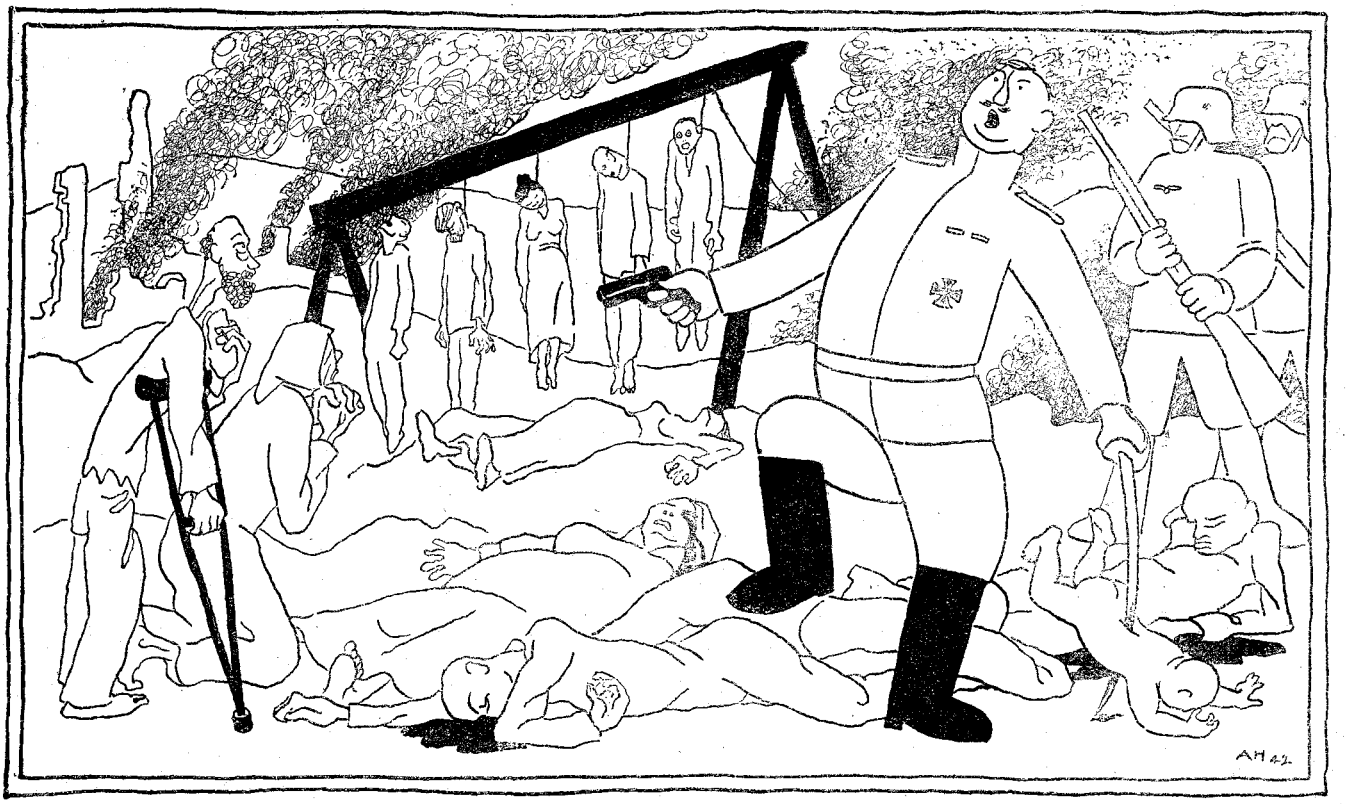
to Hitler, needs to hear anyone from the United States or England or Canada sing the praises of democracy; for some of them democracy has no meaning, others are fully aware of it. And they do not need to be told in general terms how terrible and cruel the Gestapo is; they know that at first hand. What Berlin delivers in action London does not need to explain in words. The Frenchman who can be mobilized against Hitlerism knows perfectly well where his interests and his duty lie. If he does not seem to act accordingly, it is because he lacks three things—confidence in himself, confidence in the democracies, and arms.

Two years after the signing of the armistice the average Frenchman is still overwhelmed by the collapse of France. It is not so easy to recover from the bewilderment of seeing one's country converted in the space of a few weeks from a great power to a dependency of a most hated neighbor.

Servile Vichy has been quick to take advantage of that despair. Every day it hammers into the heads of Frenchmen these three affirmations: (1) France has been decisively vanquished; (2) France and its allies were responsible for the war; (3) France and its allies must pay for it. On this score little can be done from abroad. The best cure is the ability to pass from depression to action. Once a Frenchman fully joins the illegal movement, he automatically abandons introspection. The best way to help is to make the French understand that their country's heroic effort to become itself again is known and appreciated abroad, to record in broadcasts to France every act of sabotage, to approve and encourage declarations of men like Herriot and Jeanneney.

One must know how to talk to France. Many of the addresses that move the speakers in New York and London move nobody in France. That fact should be taken into consideration, especially by the French refugees. They should remember that since they left their country in the summer of 1940 France has traveled a long road. The best thing they can do is to show that they too have learned, that they too recognize their mistakes, and that they are working to build the France of tomorrow.

In general, the propaganda by radio and by leaflet should be abundant in information and chary of commentary. Instead, for instance, of philosophizing on the wickedness of Hitler, it should provide all possible facts of German rapacity and cruelty in France or at the expense of Frenchmen. Give as many facts as possible about Nazi atrocities and about resistance to the Nazis in other occupied countries. Keep in mind that no news reaches France from Norway, from Czecho-Slovakia, from Poland, from the other victims of Hitler. Particularly stress the seizures of food in France for shipment to Germany, because this arouses the indignation of the citizen and, what is more important, the distrust of the peasant. Tell France that this is the principal reason why food was not sent them from America when there was greater possibility of shipping, and that even now it remains the real reason. Deal fully with the matter of the French prisoners, insisting that neither Vichy or Berlin has any real interest in sending the prisoners back to France, because experience has proved that the first thing



TOTAL VICTORY

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most of the released prisoners do—even before going home—is to join the illegal movement.

The propaganda must be courageous. It must breathe absolute confidence in victory. And it must denounce unworthy Frenchmen, whatever their rank or position. There must be no vague references to politicians or writers who are working for Vichy; they must be named.

Frenchmen risking their lives for freedom want to know that they have the democracies of the world with them, not in spirit only but in action. The most significant action the United States could take would be to break finally with Vichy and recognize the Fighting French. I deny the validity of the statement that continuing relations with Vichy helps the French people. Vichy alone profits by these relations. Vichy can boast that the most powerful democracy on earth, in spite of being at war with Germany, still considers the government of Pétain the government of the French nation.

Confidence in the democracies will be restored in the measure that they can convince the French people of the straightforwardness of their policy and their willingness to strike in its defense. What France is waiting for is to see the Allies launch an invasion of Europe.

Do Americans know what really impressed the French people about the famous meeting of Roosevelt and Churchill on the Atlantic? I talked with leaders of the illegal movement, people on the street, army officers, and politicians. The Atlantic Charter itself they found a generous document, a little too old-fashioned perhaps, not corresponding to the revolutionary trend of the war, but not bad, after all. But what really impressed them was to see the two great chiefs of the two most powerful democracies meeting in the open sea, surrounded by battleships and cruisers. *There* was strength and hope.

The reactions to the speeches of the war leaders show the same kind of thinking. The leader who exercises the greatest influence in France is Roosevelt. When they speak of "the President," they refer not to Pétain or Laval but to Roosevelt. It is as if they saw in him the President of the world. Well, of all his speeches, the one which most moved the people of France while I was there was the speech of September 11, 1941, announcing that he had ordered the fleet to shoot without warning any submarine or raider discovered within the zone of American security. There again, strength and hope.

The final thing the French need, and lack, is arms. In Paris they shoot anyone found carrying a knife with a blade longer than seven centimeters. But no active Frenchman cares about risks when he has a weapon of his own. He likes to feel in his pocket the gun or the bomb with which he can destroy the *boche* or traitor who tries to search him for arms. Some guns and explosives were dropped from the air by the British and distributed while I was there. But they were so few! Arms must be provided, plenty of them, and soon.

Warning!

The Nazi propaganda machine is already preparing for a new blitz following the fall of Stalingrad. Always extremely precise in its objectives, its efforts in the coming weeks will be concentrated on praising the heroism of the Russians and scoring the inability of the democracies to come to their aid. The purpose will be to split the United Nations front on the Russian issue. Already from Buenos Aires comes news that Nazi agents operating in left circles are spreading this line: "Russia is finished. The British and the Americans have allowed it to be murdered. So to hell with the war—let Wall Street and the City do the fighting for Roosevelt and Churchill!"

More Power to Himmler

THE introduction of a compulsory labor system in France is intended—so says an article in the Europa Press, a German news agency—"to procure workers for Germany." Actually, the decree is not motivated exclusively by the need for solving the Reich's critical labor shortage. Compulsory labor is a chief instrument of the political war being waged by the Nazis against the labor movement of Europe, which Hitler recognizes as potentially the greatest obstacle in his road to world domination.

Heinrich Himmler, head of the Gestapo, anticipated this plan by more than a year on the occasion of his official visit to Madrid. At that time some of the Franquist officers complained that since the end of the Spanish war sabotage by Spanish workers had reached a point where it was threatening the success of the regime's "recovery" plans. The Gestapo chief replied, "Send them to us. We will teach them to work."

Himmler's aim is twofold: to increase war production in the Reich, and ruthlessly to stamp out sabotage and slow-ups in the factories of the occupied countries now producing for the German war machine. The recent Vichy decree may be considered a prelude to the mass deportation of foreign labor to Germany which will take place in the next few months. Already there have been rumors that the Spanish refugees in France who have not been sent to North Africa to work on the Trans-Sahara railroad are soon to be shipped to Germany. And it is interesting to note that one of the clauses of the Vichy decree applies specifically to foreign workers in France. Moreover, Himmler has been authorized to create a number of special Gestapo brigades whose job it will be to control the foreign workers sent into Germany. The

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new brigades will be added to the fifty divisions now under the command of the Gestapo leader inside Germany and in the occupied countries.

As always Himmler has taken advantage of difficulties arising in the Reich to increase his own prestige and personal powers. Just a few months ago, when the demoralizing effects of the British raids on Cologne and Essen began to make themselves felt, Himmler brought forth a "plan for the protection of the civilian population" that overnight put him in command of the *Luftschutz* (air-raid wardens). The *Luftschutz* is a powerful organization started in 1933 partly on the initiative of two German industrialists who were engaged in the manufacture of gas masks and saw in such an organization a way of reaping a tidy profit. By seizing the *Luftschutz* Himmler obtained control of the substantial treasury built up by the organization over a period of eight years, and at the same time found a new way of invading the homes of the citizens of the Third Reich. Today Himmler can send his innocent-looking civilian *Luftschutz* members into any home in Germany without awakening the suspicion that the Gestapo uniform inspires. Under the pretense of instructing the household about air-raid precautions they have an opportunity to do whatever detective work Himmler may require.

Utilizing these devious means, Himmler has made himself the real power in every important department by placing his agents in strategic posts. In the Ministry of the Interior it is Himmler's man, Stuckart, third secretary of state, who makes decisions. In the Ministry of Finance the old Junker Count Schwerin von Krosigk has been replaced for all practical purposes by Secretary of State Reinhardt, who answers directly to Himmler. He is charged with the task of seeing that the Gestapo's treasury is well supplied. To counterbalance Goebbels's influence in the Ministry of Propaganda Himmler has managed to install Dietrich as chief of the press division. Dietrich is one of Hitler's most constant companions and serves as liaison officer between the Führer and Himmler. Similarly Himmler has found places for two of his lieutenants in the Ministry of Education: Amann holds the post of Reich Youth Leader, and Scheel that of Reich Student Leader. And so it goes for all the other branches of the government.

Now through the formation of brigades to oversee the foreign labor being sent to Germany Himmler reaches into a new department, that of Robert Ley, Minister of Labor, whose recent defeatist speeches may well have displeased the head of the Gestapo. Twice lately Ley has departed from his usual pronouncements about "victory" to talk of "the determination of the German people not to capitulate."

Thus Himmler has become the real Minister of Political Warfare in Germany itself as well as in the occupied countries.

Benes's Achievement

ON THE heels of the British repudiation of the Munich agreement comes word that the Czecho-Slovak German Social Democratic Party, through its members in Great Britain, has taken similar action. In a resolution voiding the stipulations of Munich the party hails Anthony Eden's action of August 5 as a measure affording fresh hope and encouragement to the struggle for Czech liberation.

The resolution points to the fact that Czecho-Slovak German Social Democrats have consistently pronounced the restoration of Czecho-Slovakia's pre-Munich frontiers to be one of their primary political aims. Now, by virtue of the exchange of notes on August 5 between Masaryk and Eden, the problem of the German Czechs has become one with that of all Czecho-Slovakia.

Another group of German Czechs, the German Democratic Liberal Party, in a letter to President Benes, states that the joint declaration of Eden and Masaryk gives "great satisfaction" to all progressive, anti-fascist Czechs, regardless of their mother tongue. The same position has been taken by the Czecho-Slovak German Communists. The fact that these three groups have joined in a common stand is a tribute to the success of Dr. Benes in achieving complete cooperation among the Czech anti-fascist forces.

Such assurances that the German Czechs will not demand frontiers in conflict with the program of the Czech government should level one high hurdle on the cluttered road of post-war planning.

American "Censorship"

SPANISH Republicans are almost automatically refused visas by the American State Department. Franco Spaniards find little difficulty in entering the United States. A recent arrival from Madrid is the correspondent of the official Franco news agency, E. F. E. He was held briefly at Ellis Island but released after pressure was put on the State Department by Ambassador Cárdenas.

His activities here and his cabled opinions of the United States can best be followed by listening to German broadcasts to Latin America. Recently the Berlin radio announced that the new E. F. E. correspondent in New York had reported his disgust "at what is called freedom of the press" in America. There is no such thing, he said; all you get are official hand-outs and they are full of lies. In Germany, on the contrary, the Franquist reporter continued, he had complete freedom to collect information and to write and send anything he pleased.

Why—in spite of the brutal censorship of which he complains—America's fascist guest is permitted to cable home lying attacks to be broadcast as Nazi propaganda is a question for our own agencies of propaganda to answer. Must continued diplomatic relations with Franco expose the United States to the unchecked activities of his agents working in behalf of Hitler? That such a question needs to be asked at all is a revealing comment on American concepts of political warfare.

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Fighting for White Folks?

BY HORACE R. CAYTON

ANY discussion of the problem of Negro morale must start with the paradoxical role which the Negro plays in American life. The position of the Negro in the social structure of the country varies from region to region. In the deep South he is a member of a caste whose status is scarcely in harmony with democratic theory; in the urban North he is set apart to the extent that he usually does not participate in white social activities and a ceiling is placed upon his opportunities to compete in economic and political life. In the North the Negro does enjoy, however, some of the rights, privileges, and protection of the law in common with white citizens. The major difference between the North and the South is that in the deep South the present social order depends upon the subordination of the Negro, while in the North he is an incidental minority problem.

The subordination of persons in a society because of race, religion, or culture is of course nothing new. Many societies, that of India, for example, have existed for centuries under a system in which a person's position is determined at birth. These societies have usually assigned people to a higher or lower position on the basis of certain absolute values. Thus in India when the caste system operated effectively, it did so because the religion which regulated society was accepted by both the higher and the lower groups. The paradox of the Negro in America is that he has a relatively fixed, caste-like status in a society based upon the political principle of democracy.

The slave Negro was not included in the democratic tradition. He was not permitted to be a part of the social and cultural democracy of the new nation born in 1776. This forced cultural isolation prevented the Negro then from identifying himself with the whole society and continued to prevent him, even after his emancipation, from entering that society on an equal footing with the whites. With his increased education and the increased social consciousness of white persons, he has, of course, come to share more and more in the fruits of citizenship.

On the other hand, the Negro's conception of himself and his expectations from the total society have always been in advance of what the social structure would permit. The more educated Negroes have been keenly aware of the contradiction between democracy and racialism. Each increment in education, each rise in status, has brought home to Negroes the discrepancy between these two forces in American life and as a result has heightened the racial consciousness of the group as a whole and produced frustration, cynicism, and bitterness in many individuals.

This situation has fundamental implications for the problem of morale among Negroes. One of the prime factors in morale is the identification of the individual with the collective enterprise. Having been denied many of the rights and privileges of American citizenship, Negroes are not now psychologically prepared to accept responsibility for the acts of the collective society from which they have always felt isolated. Their attitude is illustrated by the story of the old share-cropper who came to the "Big House" to get his ration of corn meal and fat-back. After receiving his supplies, and just before leaving, he looked at the plantation owner and said, "By the way, Captain, I hear the Japs done declared war on you white folks!" Then there is the story of a small Negro community in the backwoods of Mississippi, none of whose inhabitants could read or write. Not knowing much about the war and being timid about asking white people to explain it, they sent one of their men to a nearby town to see if he could discover, without asking direct questions, what it was all about. After standing around all day and hearing many references to the attempted rape of Hawaii, he returned to his community and reported that Uncle Sam and the Japs were fighting about an "old whore" called Pearl Harbor. This feeling of being alien, of being isolated from the interests of the total society, can be noted among all classes of Negroes. Even those who are more aware of the international issues of the World War share, nevertheless, a deep-seated resentment against their cultural isolation.

Not many Negroes have any strong conviction that the present struggle will improve their status, and without such a conviction morale is necessarily low. As Professor Louis Wirth, the University of Chicago sociologist, has pointed out, "to make great sacrifices willingly a group must have an unambiguous cause for which to struggle. They must be imbued with the feeling that their cause is right, that something desirable will result or something undesirable will be abolished through their collective action." Even the war effort has been marked by many specific instances of discrimination—segregation in the armed forces, segregation of Negro blood in the Red Cross blood banks, the shooting and killing of Negro soldiers in uniform by military and civilian police, and especially the discrimination against Negroes in defense industries. All these things contribute to the

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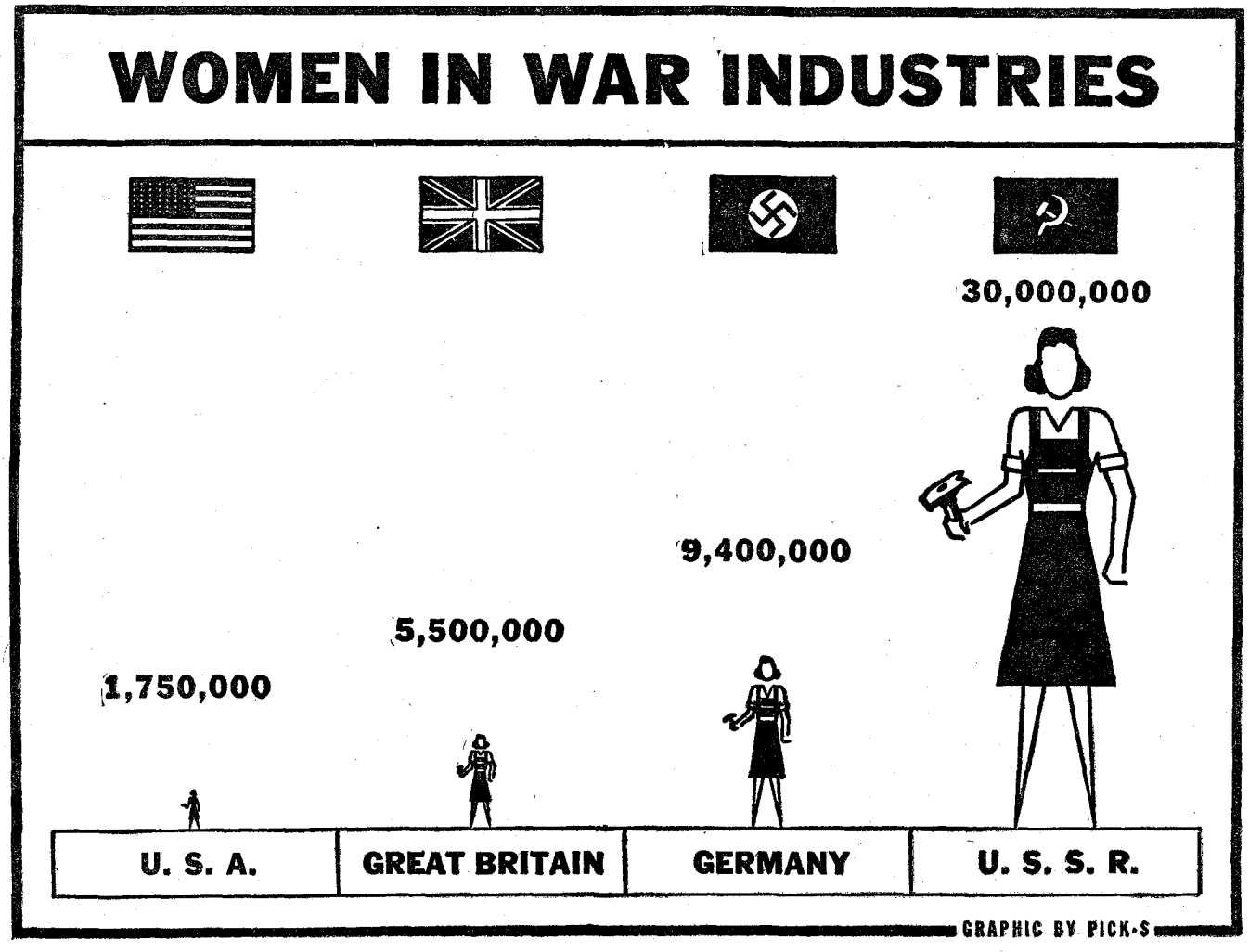
disaffection of the Negro toward the war effort. He compares them constantly with the avowed objectives of the war and recalls his own disillusionment with the results of the First World War. As a matter of fact, in many regions the more frequently the slogans of democracy are raised for the general population the lower falls Negro morale. The general bitterness was summed up by a young Negro who, on being inducted into the army, said, "Just carve on my tombstone, 'Here lies a black man killed fighting a yellow man for the protection of a white man.' " Another Negro boy expressed the same feeling when he said he was going to get his eyes slanted so that the next time a white man shoved him around he could fight back.

Such statements reveal the resentment which has been generated by the Negro's isolation and indicate his lack of identification with the purposes and privileges of the majority group, his growing tendency toward psychological identification with other non-white people, and his hope for a change. The growing identification of the American Negro with non-white people all over the world is no figment of Nazi propaganda. A recent issue of a Negro weekly contained five articles and an editorial on colored people outside of America. One article was on the African trade unions in South Africa; two were on the Indian situation; one was on Churchill's statement that the Atlantic Charter was not to be applied to colonies held by the United Nations; and one was on Negroes in South America. It may seem odd to hear India discussed in poolrooms on South State Street in Chicago, but India and the possibility of the Indians obtaining their freedom from England by any means have captured the imagination of the American Negro. The feeling throughout the colored world is that there is going to be a change in the status of non-white people, and there is little fear that the change could be for the worse. Whereas for years Negroes have felt that their position was isolated and unalterable, some of them are now beginning to feel that dark people throughout the world will soon be on the march.

The real danger does not lie in the agitation of some Negro leaders or in the very vocal Negro press. In the main Negroes in the United States are a disorganized, leaderless group. The N. A. A. C. P. is made up of a handful of Negro intellectuals and professionals and has no mass following. The church has lost its control over the majority of the urban Negro population. But inspired by the feeling that a change in status for the Negro is imminent, black America is ready for a nationalistic movement such as Garvey's when the right



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demagogic leadership presents itself.* In such a contingency the present leaders, even though they were convinced that all demands should be held in abeyance for the duration and were willing to preach this to the Negro masses, would be incapable of exercising any real control over the masses.

Last year, in an article in *Opportunity*, the writer made the following prophecy concerning the problem of building Negro morale:

> The problem of maintaining Negro morale will increase in importance as we move closer to the actual war situation. It will doubtless be met by the development of propaganda rather than by any fundamental attempt to change the Negro's social and economic position. . . . The attempt to propagandize the Negro will be fumbling. It will be fumbling because, to my notion, it has not been necessary before for Americans to spend much time and energy meeting the discontent of a large racial minority.

This prediction has been pretty well carried out. Some concrete gains for the Negro are on record—the appointment of the President's Committee on Fair Employment Practices, the establishment of an aviation unit at Tuskegee and of a naval unit at the Great Lakes Training Station (though they are Jim Crow). These achievements, however, have not done much to improve Negro morale, for traditional American race feeling, plus the fact that the national Administration is supported in its foreign policy by a Congress controlled by Southern politicians, has not only maintained the Southern pattern of rigid segregation but extended it to many fields of social life in the North. Rules of segregation have frequently been enforced as a war emergency where they did not obtain in civilian life before the war.

In the armed forces and to a large extent in industry the Administration has taken the position that a relaxation of the color line would destroy the morale of the majority group. What might be considered the realistic white point of view was expressed in a letter from William A. Krauss, published in *Common Sense* last June. Replying to an article by A. Clayton Powell, Mr. Krauss wrote:

> I think that very few white Americans are made happy by the knowledge that they—the majority—are discriminating against a Negro minority. They will agree up to the hilt with Mr. Powell that the condition is lamentable, but they will not agree to what he seems to be driving at: that is, free, full, and cheerful social equality for the American Negro.
>
> Full social acceptance of the Negro is an idea that simply doesn't occur to the white majority. And social acceptance means far more, of course, than having the Negro in for dinner or inviting him to join the club. . . . Whether in a model world or model army this should or should not be so is, obviously, unprofitable for me or for Mr. Powell to argue—the fact is that in the United States today it is so. It cannot be otherwise, it will not be otherwise, while the majority see the Negro as different.

The very acts which will insure morale for one group may, it is thought, destroy it for another. A large group of white persons in America do not wish to change the position of the Negro. Just as there is a feeling in the non-white world that things are changing, that this is the time to press for gains, so there is a feeling among whites that their position of dominance is being challenged and that they must resist any encroachment on their prerogatives. The problem of building Negro morale, therefore, is one of maintaining the color line —which is considered necessary for the morale of white soldiers, workers, and civilians—while appeasing the rising Negro public opinion with verbal and token gains whenever the tension becomes too great. This difficult task is complicated by the conflict between those who wish to stimulate Negroes from coast to coast to demand complete equality now and those who suggest the organization of a League to Maintain White Supremacy.

Propaganda to raise Negro morale has had little success during the past year. Most of the federal propaganda agencies have been too much in fear of a reactionary, Southern-dominated Congress to devise any adequate approach to the problem. The old Office of Facts and Figures, in order to stimulate Negro morale, produced an all-Negro movie short showing a Negro labor battalion singing while they marched and worked. The film simply antagonized Negroes, since it showed them as laborers rather than fighters, conformed to the stereotype of singing Negroes, and emphasized their Jim Crow position in the army. It would have been much better for Negro morale if the film had not been made. Another federal agency worked on a de luxe and expensive edition of a book about the American Negro, illustrated with color photography, designed to counteract the Japanese propaganda that democracy necessarily means white supremacy. The book, however, could not be circulated in the United States because it might offend Southern Congressmen.

The need for more skilful propaganda and more effective action becomes imperative as the position of the American Negro in American democracy gains global importance. There is a close relationship between the interracial tensions within the United Nations and the course of international events. The present crisis in India is raising the expectations of American Negroes. On the other hand, every bid for status by the non-white people of the United Nations—and every military victory of

* There has been a revival of the Universal Negro Improvement Association, the old Garvey movement, which focused the attention of several million Negroes on a program glorifying the colored races. Its recent national convention, the first for several years, held in Cleveland in August, was attended by more than 400 delegates. This was the largest convention since the peak of the movement. Considerable attention was given to the application of the Atlantic Charter to Africa.

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the Japanese—evokes among the majority group the response of fear and the determination to keep down the dark races.

The problem of the American Negro might be met by force if the Negroes' insistence on equal participation exceeded the willingness of the total society to grant these demands, but in using force the United States, and in fact the United Nations, would lose one of their most powerful weapons—the loyalty of the peoples seeking freedom, regardless of color. Under these circumstances it is difficult to conceive how this country can deal with growing Negro claims without planning a program of concessions. It is true that in the daily press and on the air the Negro is getting more attention than he has enjoyed since the old Abolitionist days. And there is a growing awareness on the part of labor that the Negro problem requires action. In normal conditions all these things would be considered gains for the Negro. But they are sporadic and unintegrated and are insufficient to counteract the apparent inability of the government to set up a comprehensive plan.

Any real change in the morale of Negroes will come only with a real change in the position of the Negro in the social structure of the country. Such a change will involve, especially in the South, a complete revamping of the social relations between the races. That is something which this country will not voluntarily undertake. Unless we are to maintain a society which Edwin Embree has described as "half Nazi, half democrat," the government must intervene with a rational plan. The shape of things to come—the new pattern of race relations—will be worked out on a global basis and will necessitate tremendous internal changes in many countries.

In the Wind

NOT LONG AGO the Chicago *Tribune,* in answer to critics who accused it of attributing ideas of its own invention to "Washington sources," asserted that the practice of falsifying date lines and authorities has long been accepted in the newspaper business. Leo A. Lerner, a Chicago newspaperman, took the *Tribune's* statement as a challenge and polled editors throughout the country on their attitude toward the practice. Of 410 leading editors who received the questionnaire, 132 responded. Four agreed with the *Tribune* and admitted that their papers often falsified the origins of stories. Two disagreed in principle, but confessed that they occasionally used false date lines. Three returned ambiguously worded answers, and 123 replied that they disagreed with the *Tribune* and never followed the practice.

WASHINGTON OBSERVERS (real ones) believe that the State Department is withholding from the press its knowledge of an agreement between Laval and Hitler to have thousands of Negroes from French colonies in Africa conscripted for labor in the Ruhr valley. It is said that a large number of French Senegalese have already been sent to Germany.

CAMPAIGN NOTES: James E. Curley, former governor of Massachusetts, who last week defeated Representative Thomas Eliot in the Democratic primaries, brought a Negro into a Boston bar shortly before the voting and announced, "Gentlemen, here is my opponent." . . . Citizens eager to unseat Representative J. Parnell Thomas, an enthusiastic member of the Dies committee, were faced with an unhappy dilemma in last week's Republican primaries in New Jersey. Thomas's opponent campaigned on a simple platform. He wanted to start impeachment proceedings against the President and then retire to the join the armed forces.

LAST MONTH'S *Harper's Bazaar,* in its "Where Shall We Go?" column, recommends a French restaurant in New York by saying, "Not even in Paris could you get finer food."

THE *LIVING AGE,* which until last June was run on money supplied by the Japanese government, was revealed after the last war to have been a beneficiary of German funds.

A NOTE of revealing frankness appeared in the July 30 issue of *Kritisk Ugerevue,* a Nazi-subsidized Danish weekly. "In order to defeat Russia," it says, "it is not sufficient to conquer territories. The farther the German army penetrates into Russia the greater the demands made on the transport of materials, a fact already noticed in regard to Germany's transport of goods to adjoining European countries. For every 100 kilometers the army penetrates, more locomotives and trucks are demanded."

A NEW EFFORT to combine serious political journalism with tabloid sensationalism will appear on October 7. Amster Spiro, former city editor of the New York *Journal,* is the editor of the new publishing venture, a picture weekly to be called *Graphic.*

WESTBROOK PEGLER continues to refer at least once a week to the American Newspaper Guild as a Communist-controlled organization, completely ignoring the fact that it is now more than a year since "Communist control" was the issue in a Guild national election. Those who were accused by their fellow-guildsmen of being influenced by the Communist Party were voted out of office and a national administration of known anti-Communists was installed.

RUSSEL BIRDWELL, a Hollywood publicity man formerly in the employ of Howard Hughes, is now press agent for Henry J. Kaiser, presumably part of the deal that made Hughes and Kaiser partners. Birdwell is largely responsible for the hundreds of "personality stories" about Kaiser that have recently appeared in the press.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

The Italians at Their Best

THE REAL ITALIANS: A STUDY IN EUROPEAN PSYCHOLOGY. By Carlo Sforza. Columbia University Press. $2.

THE Italians have experienced many strokes of good fortune and many disasters, many glories and many shames during the twenty-five centuries of their written history. Their record embraces Caesar and Punchinello, St. Francis of Assisi and Casanova, Dante and Cagliostro. The most disgraceful of their misfortunes, the most humiliating of their shames, has come with Mussolini: to be subjected at home and represented abroad by a senseless, cruel, and pompous demagogue who, with swelled chest, arms akimbo, jutting jaw, and eyes rolling out of their sockets, has occupied the front pages of the world's newspapers for the past twenty years. And since not a few Italians have been strutting about aping their Duce, the opinion has spread that all Italians are like Mussolini and that Mussolini, as a German scholar would put it, embodies the Italian *Volksgeist.*

In writing his charming book Sforza has been haunted by Mussolini's shadow. When describing the "real Italians," Sforza describes those who are the very opposite of what servile foreign correspondents from Rome and empty-headed, stuffed-shirt visitors have made the Italians out to be.

His book ought to be read not only by the casual reader but by those who wish to devote themselves to Italian studies. There is no page that does not sparkle with flashes of insight and cogent remarks that give the lie to much of the misinformation current on the nature of the Italian people. Whoever has lived in Italy long enough to come in touch with peasants, fishermen, and the common folk of the towns will visualize the men and women that Sforza loves, respects, and describes. It is especially among the Italian women of all classes that Sforza's "real Italians" are to be found.

And yet, not "all" Italians are like Sforza's "real Italians." The "other" Italians also—the Italians of Mussolini's type—whom Sforza tries but does not succeed in ignoring, are "real." They form a large section of the population, especially of those "intellectual" classes that are called intellectual because they have been educated beyond their intelligence and have been made stupid by education. There are among the Italians, as among all other peoples, different streams: angels and devils, men and beasts, heroes and cowards, Toscaninis and Mussolinis. Those whom Sforza calls the "real Italians" are "the Italians at their best." Had they been the only "real" Italians, Sforza would be living in Rome and not in New York.

A chapter on the Italians in America has been added to the American edition of this book, which was first published in France in 1936 and in a second French edition last year in Canada. Sforza would like the generations of Italian descent in America to be absolutely loyal to their new country but to maintain "cultural and spiritual bonds with the old." "You cannot make a good citizen out of a man who is intellectually and spiritually impoverished by being cut off from the only past he has had. If you do this, he becomes a savage, a bastard, a robot." Sforza will abandon this theory as soon as he realizes that all Americans have had a European past from which they have been or will be cut off.

The "cultural and spiritual bonds" of immigrants can but grow looser and looser from the first to the second, and from the second to the third and fourth generations. They remain firm only among the cultivated classes. What kind of "cultural and spiritual bonds" could ever be maintained in 1942 by an American high-school boy whose grandfather was an illiterate Italian peasant who emigrated to America in 1880?

Cultural and spiritual bonds result in political loyalties only in minds incapable of unraveling the tangled skein of thought and feeling. People who have not been trained for subtle analysis are apt to undergo serious and dangerous moral crises when cultural and spiritual bonds clash with political loyalties. What is happening in this country among the Italian-born citizens and residents, and even among large sections of the younger generation, teaches us that if certain tragedies cannot be avoided today, we ought not to multiply and perpetuate them by keeping alive forever and ever, not only among the cultivated but also among the non-cultivated classes, bonds that might endanger the deepest moral structure of a man.

If all those who have come from Europe to America, that is to say, all Americans, had maintained their "cultural and spiritual bonds" with the country from which they had come, America could never have developed a civilization of its own. It would be a mosaic of disconnected and conflicting "racial minorities," linked not only by "cultural and spiritual" but also by "political" bonds to their European fatherlands rather than to the country where they have settled permanently.

The older generation that came from Italy and is unable to break away from ancestral traditions may be disturbed by the new spiritual features which develop in their children under the impact of the new environment. But they are wrong and the youngsters are right. And men like Sforza ought to tell them so.

I trust that Sforza's book will have many readers. But I also hope that, in his good sense and generosity, he will in further editions elaborate his statements on this point in such a way as to make them worthy of a "real Italian." Let him tell the American citizens of Italian origin that they have no reason to be ashamed of their Italian origin, their muscatel wine, or their spaghetti. Let him tell them that they should inherit and keep alive what is more important than food: the stoical endurance of their fathers under toil, sorrow, and pain, and the humble, sweet, yet

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heroic virtues of their mothers. This would be their most precious contribution to the American way of life. However, since they have made this country their permanent home, they ought to become American in culture and in spirit, and the sooner the better. GAETANO SALVEMINI

Out of Bataan

THEY WERE EXPENDABLE. By W. L. White. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

"THEY," in the title of this admirable little book, refers to the seventy men of Motor Torpedo Boat Squadron Three which fought in the Philippines last winter until nothing was left of it. Five men came back and the rest were "expendable." You realize you're expendable, as one of the men explains, when the captain takes you to a machine-gun post and tells you to hold this position, and you ask for how long, and he says, never mind, just hold it.

William L. White, who did some excellent work covering the war in Europe, got the story from the lips of four of the young officers of M. T. B. Squadron 3 who returned, and he tells it in the form of a conversation: their commander, Lieutenant John Bulkeley, talks for a while about their adventures in the waters off Bataan, then his second in command, Lieutenant Robert B. Kelly, cuts in, and so on. It makes about as exciting an evening's reading as one could ask for. With Bulkeley you look up into the Manila sky at the neat, unhurried Japanese bombers and wonder where in hell our fighter planes are, and later you find out where—smashed on the ground by the enemy, just as were those of Poland and France; we had not learned. You go along that midnight when two of the little torpedo boats raid the Japanese fleet in Subic Bay; at first it is utterly black, then there is plenty of light from enemy searchlights and tracer bullets and the flashes of their shore guns—all aimed at you—and by this light you find your way to an enemy cruiser and send a torpedo into her.

The six raiders probably sank a hundred times their own combined tonnage in enemy warships before their gasoline and their torpedoes and their crews and the boats themselves were expended. The men were spending themselves recklessly, heroically, to delay the Japanese even by minutes until our reinforcements should arrive, which they never did. "You don't mind it until you come back here where people waste hours and days and sometimes weeks . . ." one of the young officers started to say, but Bulkeley interrupted him: "People don't like to hear about that." There is not another word in the book about the need of America's waking up, but the tale itself, simply and skilfully put together by Mr. White, is a powerful arouser. People who cheat on gasoline rations or who vote themselves fat bonuses out of war profits should be compelled to read it.

The last three boats of the M. T. B. squadron carried General MacArthur and some other non-expendables to Mindanao, whence they were flown out of the Philippines to Australia. You go along on that ghastly, furtive ride from Bataan down the islands. General MacArthur doesn't look very impressive on the trip, but what seasick general would?

MARCUS DUFFIELD

The New Siberia

SOVIET ASIA: DEMOCRACY'S FIRST LINE OF DEFENSE. By Raymond Arthur Davies and Andrew J. Steiger. The Dial Press. $3.

A BOOK describing modern Soviet Asia is a welcome event in an America where many people still think of Siberia as a place of exile for the political prisoners of the czars.

The authors have given a fairly accurate picture of this rapidly developing area, though the descriptions of natural resources, railroads, new towns, and industrial plants all reflect a political orientation 100 per cent in line with official Soviet policy; most Soviet newspapers point out more shortcomings in the operation of Soviet industry and agriculture and are more frank about difficulties and privations than are Messrs. Steiger and Davies. Their tendency to give the Soviet Union the benefit of any doubt leads in some cases to major inaccuracies. For example, the economic map—a beautiful job of draftsmanship—shows the roads connecting Yakutsk with Okhotsk, Magadan with Verkhne-Kolymsk, and many others as "highroads," whereas the most up-to-date Soviet maps and such literature as is available in the Soviet Union all describe these roads as *gruntoviye dorogi*—dirt roads. A certain naivete combines with this enthusiasm to produce such statements as that on page 273: "Were the Soviet Far East to have a population of 20,000,000 instead of the present 6,000,000, Japan would think three times instead of twice before attacking the Soviet Union."

However, after the reader has discounted the enthusiasm and made allowance for the naivete he will find much to enjoy in this survey of a fascinating portion of the earth's surface—a territory as large as the United States, Mexico, and Canada, thirty-five times as large as Germany, almost entirely undeveloped and much of it completely wild. Almost every stage of economic development is to be found somewhere in this vast terrain, which stretches from the Arctic to the sub-tropics. In the Trans-Baikal area crayfish dug out of the permanently frozen subsoil, where they have lain for millenniums, have been restored to life in the laboratory. In Wirkhizia the women used to hatch silkworm cocoons in small bags suspended between their breasts. In Tadjikistan falconry is still the accepted method of hunting small game. The book abounds in such exotic grace notes to its twin themes of industrialization and sovietization.

Mr. Steiger has had unusual opportunities to observe the development of Soviet Asia. He has traveled over large parts of it himself. When he came to Magnitogorsk in 1934, I met him at a May Day banquet for foreign workers. After numerous speeches and vodkas he expressed a desire to see the blast furnaces, whereupon he and I and a burners' brigadier who worked in my gang set out for the plant some time after midnight. We climbed one of the blast furnaces, had a good look at the lights of the construction job, and were descending when we were picked up by an armed guard. Taken to the local GPU station and closely questioned for an hour or so, we were relieved of all our documents and sent home with instructions to appear the next morning at the city GPU office. We presented ourselves somewhat sheepishly at the appointed time. A taciturn offi-

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cial returned our documents, after satisfying himself that we were neither saboteurs nor spies, and sent us home with an admonition not to visit the plant after any more banquets. I don't know whether Mr. Steiger got into trouble in any of the other centers of Soviet Asia which he visited, but I feel certain that he made the most of his opportunities; and I imagine that his report is more complete than that of any other Westerner who has tried to do a general book on this subject.

JOHN SCOTT

The Case for Appeasement

HOW WAR CAME: AN AMERICAN WHITE PAPER; FROM THE FALL OF FRANCE TO PEARL HARBOR. By Forrest Davis and Ernest K. Lindley. Simon and Schuster. $2.50.

THIS book," says the publisher's blurb, "tells the inside story of American foreign policy and covers one of the most critical periods in American history, when our State Department used every weapon in the armory of diplomacy to fight a delaying action on a global scale against the conquering Axis powers." With all respect to the publishers and the authors, this reviewer begs to dissent.

Messrs. Davis and Lindley are distinguished journalists and biographers. They have written a corking good tale which deserves wide reading. It is a true story. But it is not the whole story. This they grant. Its lacunae, however, are larger than they admit. They set out, no doubt, to write an "inside" narrative which would be, in the language of their Foreword, "an independent venture, critical, unofficial, and bearing no imprimatur." But those who write current history from official sources as yet unpublished have only two alternatives: to apply critical judgment to the record revealed to them by a cooperating officialdom and thereby run risks of offending their friends and shutting themselves off from further access to secrets; or to write an uncritical apologia which will demonstrate the rectitude of all decisions made and be highly flattering to those who made them. The authors of "How War Came" chose the second alternative.

This choice does not vitiate the value of their work. But it is not openly acknowledged. The reader must therefore beware. To help convince the American public of the essential rightness of its government's course is a wholly commendable enterprise. Such a task has been frankly undertaken and carried forward to brilliant success in the recent little "White Book of the United States Foreign Policy, 1932-1942," issued by the Committee for National Morale. But to undertake such a task under the guise of a critical, unofficial, and objective evaluation is not quite cricket. Neither can it be regarded as altogether helpful by those who attach more importance for winning the war to the exposure and correction of past mistakes than to the vindication of past decisions which have been right.

"How War Came" is nevertheless an extraordinarily valuable document—especially if read in conjunction, say, with Robert Bendiner's "The Riddle of the State Department"—for it comes very close to representing the most elaborate and adequate justification thus far put forward by the State Department in defense of its record. The "scoops" and

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"revelations" are secondary to the reasoned case in support of a given pattern of policy. It is interesting, but scarcely vital, to know various bits of gossip connected with crucial events—for example, that Stalin convinced Hopkins in early August, 1941, that Russia would hold; that Mrs. Roosevelt didn't know where the President was going when he sailed to meet Churchill; that Churchill, soapy in his tub, said "That should do it" when the President suggested the phrase "United Nations." More important are the revelations that Welles, as early as January, 1941, began warning Oumansky of Nazi invasion in June and that Berlin had long pressed Tokyo toward the policy which found expression at Pearl Harbor. The accounts of Anglo-American relations, of early Administration moves against the Axis, and of the protracted Japanese-American negotiations of 1941 are well done, but add less to what was already public knowledge than some other chapters of the book.

The real value of these pages lies in their able defense of the State Department. There is no full examination of alternative courses of action and few suggestions that the department ever was or could be wrong. Apart from occasional references to "blind spots" and such statements—intended as praise—as "Mr. Hull's world was that of the orderly nineteenth century," there is no unfavorable criticism at any point. Even the Atlantic Charter, with all its shortcomings, is misnamed a "written alliance," staunchly defended as a masterpiece of statesmanship, and compared with Wilson's Fourteen Points to the disadvantage of the latter—a comparison which will be convincing only to those who fail to reread the Fourteen Points and to recall their immediate psychological and military effects. The case for the department, however, as presented by Defense Attorneys Lindley and Davis is a strong one and merits serious consideration.

The case rests upon sundry and somewhat shifting arguments. America was militarily unprepared. The President could not commit the country to action—for example, to keep Indo-China out of Japanese hands or to join Britain in warning Tokyo—without Congressional approval, although this is very close to what he did in the naval base-destroyer deal. Critics of appeasement were "without responsibility." To appease Japan was to buy time. As late as November, 1941, Hull and Welles were ready to "unfreeze" assets and resume gasoline shipments, but Hu Shih and T. V. Soong

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raised such a furor at this new betrayal of China that the proposal was dropped. On policy toward Fascist Spain the book is silent. Concerning Vichy France it dwells on the "personal honor" of the Vichymen, on the touching friendship between Pétain and Leahy, and on the success of Washington in keeping the fleet and the colonies out of Axis hands through "an inexpensive form of insurance." Only Churchill's veto, incidentally, seems to have prevented Hull from insisting on Free French evacuation of St. Pierre and Miquelon. A pro-De Gaulle policy would have been "doctrinaire," "heroic," but "less useful." All appeasement was brilliantly successful and therefore justified.

Leaving aside the moral imponderables, which may well be decisive in this kind of war, and considering only the criteria of an amoral *Realpolitik,* there is but one flaw in the case: time is the ally only of those who know how to use it. The time bought by appeasing Japan was not used by London and Washington to strengthen China or buttress effectively their own defenses in the Pacific but was used by Tokyo to grab Indo-China and prepare the way for the conquest of all eastern Asia. The time gained in appeasing Franco has been used by the Axis to spread its gospel throughout Spain and Latin America. The time won in appeasing Vichy has been used by its beneficiaries to strengthen the Reich and Japan, to attempt the delivery of Syria and Madagascar to the foe, to support Rommel, and to prepare for worse to come. The time now won in appeasing Mannerheim will be used to prepare the complete severance of the Murmansk supply line. So long as the enemy is constantly enabled by grants of time to enhance his power for future attack and to weaken our power for either attack or defense, the purchase of time by the payment of successive instalments of decency, honor, and self-respect, to the delight of all foes and the despair of all friends, remains today what it has been for a decade—a formula for defeat.

The case, in short, is not good enough. It was not enough for the President to explain before Pearl Harbor that the policy of appeasing Japan had "worked for two years." It will not be enough, when Vichy and Madrid join the Axis in open war against us, to explain that the policy of appeasing them "worked" for a time in allegedly delaying their entry into the struggle. It is not enough to say that the Administration had no alternative. Only the gullible will accept such explanations. All others will know that it has been precisely because of the pursuit of such policies by London and Washington year after year that the forces of fascism have been able to conquer most of Europe and Asia and are still today winning the war, with large reserves of "appeased" allies to call upon if the tide of battle begins to turn against them.

Messrs. Davis and Lindley, and the officials for whom they speak, understand Washington. They do not understand Hitler and Hirohito. Despite years of observation, they still do not comprehend the technique whereby the fascist Caesars, with their dupes and stooges in all the puppet states, win victory after victory with the unwitting aid of their enemies. They do not see that appeasement, far from being an answer to this technique, is the *sina qua non* of the technique itself. To this record of tragedy the words of Jeremiah still apply: "A shocking and horrid thing has been committed in the land; the prophets prophesy falsely, and the priests administer to them, and my people love to have it so. But what will you do in the end thereof?"

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN

Refinements on a Journal

WINTER OF ARTIFICE. By Anaïs Nin. Copper Engravings by Ian Hugo. New York: Gotham Book Mart, Distributors. $3.

THE father of Anaïs Nin was an elegant, spoiled Spanish musician and composer whom some authorities set in an artistic category above Manuel da Falla's. In her twelfth year he brought her, his wife, and his small sons to New York and deserted them. The little girl was in love or fancied herself in love with her father, possibly because she had received little understanding from him. His brutality profoundly shocked her. To help make the desolation of life endurable she began keeping a journal. She has told us that it was a monologue or dialogue dedicated to him, inspired by the superabundance of thoughts and feelings caused by the pain of his leaving. In her own words, "little by little she shut herself up within the walls of her diary. She talked to it, addressed it by name as though it were a living person, her own self, perhaps. . . . Only in her diary could she reveal her true self, her true feelings. What she really desired was to be left alone with her diary and her dreams of her father. In solitude she was happy."

The diary grew, persisted in the process of her development. It is said actually to comprise fifty-odd sections or notebooks. Fragments which have been circulated suggest that despite monotonies it belongs to literature more thoroughly than does the famous journal of Marie Bashkirtseff. Romantic posturing, narcissistic self-portraiture seem fairly absent here. One feels the effort of truth in the face of curious reticences and obscurities. The vast congeries of prose is lyrically expressive of certain feminine, in instances almost imperceptible, feelings connected with an aesthetic world mainly that of decadent Paris; expressive even more of a feminine self-consciousness strangely enamored of the very state of feeling, yet singularly perceptive of the subliminal and marvelous. The element of the irrational, germane to all lyricism, is included in the style: it is prevalently surrealistic. Audaciously it exploits the connotative power of language while presenting the unseen through wild, often far-flung analogies. Still many of these analogies are remarkably exact: that, for example, which reveals the semi-conscious rhythmic unity of feeling between two intimates—almost on the musical level—through an image of orchestral sonorities; or that shadowing forth neurotic conflicts with the symbol of the high strain and hubbub of a giant New York hotel. Taste, indeed, remains in evidence throughout: plainly in the style's refusal, for all its periodic exaltation, to violate the genius of prose, the tone of speech, and fully commit oratory or prose-poetry.

Frequently in these years, we feel, the author must have entertained an impulse to improve on her lyrical diary in the way of unification and impersonality by recasting some of its material in narrative shape, with herself as the center

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of an epical event. As frequently, we guess, she must have had moments which revealed not only the growing difference between the imago who was the recipient of her confidences and her actual father but the former's steady tendency to sublimation. Both hunches are corroborated by "Winter of Artifice," the present little volume—sensuously so attractive with its shapely typography, good ink, softly toned paper, and the delicate line engravings by Ian Hugo. With the disposition of some of the material of the journal at a certain distance from her own center of gravity, it exhibits—awkwardly at times but altogether fluently and touchingly—two of these moments of revelation. The first was incidental to her seductive parent's long-looked-for reappearance in her life. In the course of an effective portrait of him we see Joaquin Nin take her to stay in the south of France and her conception of a temporary feeling that he is the person closest to herself. Shortly the disharmony which always had existed between their ways of living grows plain. She becomes aware that she has outgrown her need of him.

The second experience reaches us in the course of an ingenious account of a psychoanalysis. We grasp the event of the partial transference to the physician and the patient's discovery of her own poles of warmth and coldness under different feminine names. We see her new enjoyment of her own body and final disinclination or inability to dissolve her early fixation and completely accept normality in the orthodox sense. The final charmingly imaginative pages tragically reidentify the fixated being who imperiously and jealously holds her allegiance in torment and bliss, in living and keeping her journal. She calls it "the dream": it wears the look of her own individuality, in which as if it were a shell she hears the murmur of life. The suspicion that from the first Anaïs Nin was both something of an artist and a solitary, that her *"beata solitudo, sola beatitudo"* in keeping a journal made her more of both, is inevitable. Journals famously are a resource in solitude, a means of breathing in the desert. Fatally they also are its co-creators.

PAUL ROSENFELD

A Poet

ELEVEN POEMS ON THE SAME THEME. By Robert Penn Warren. New Directions. $1.

THIS is by far the most distinguished collection of new poems yet issued in James Laughlin's "Poet of the Month" series, and one of the most heartening utterances in poetry altogether for a long time. Warren, as is his custom, reasserts the poet's ancient sovereign right to present himself primarily as a unique individual, implying rather than insisting that he is a creature of his time. Obsession with the peculiar terror that is this century's chief contribution to history has given rise to some great poetry; but it is possible to meet one's own fears too often, however strikingly they may be clad. Warren speaks from a rich memory of his craft and an imagination able to sever itself from the clutch of time and circumstance. This freedom is not laxity: the tone and rhythm are strict, austere, and penetrating as the spirit. Throughout we hear the refrain of apprehension, potential guilt, the social break-up into uneasy atoms—but distilled, often muted, perceptible through a harmonious personal music. It is conveyed especially well in the four love poems of this collection: less dramatic but subtler, more insinuating, than Auden's on the same theme. Auden makes frustrating circumstance the protagonist; Warren, preserving the context of love, suggests the frustration by a glowing meditative tenderness.

The other seven poems are less moving, though they are equally impressive verbally. Those on general issues verge nearer rhetoric, and a reminiscence of boyhood, otherwise poignant, becomes diffuse toward the end. But all shine with the power that springs from intense emotion controlled by first-rate creative knowledge. This should assure Warren a continuing decent obscurity as long as the making of poets' reputations rests with the established arbiters of bad taste.

FRANK JONES

CONTRIBUTORS

ARTHUR MANDELBAUM, after leaving Germany, lived and worked in Geneva before coming to this country. He has written for English and American publications.

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IN BRIEF

SUN IN CAPRICORN. By Hamilton Basso. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

The memory of Huey Long lingers on in an oddly dated little novel about violent politics in Louisiana. If it can happen again, and Mr. Basso must think it can or he wouldn't be writing a book about it, this isn't the novel to warn, terrify, or arm you for the future—perhaps because the bitter pill of political tyranny is too sugarcoated with Southern gentility. But it is pleasant to meet a decent liberal as the hero of a Southern novel, even though his resolution to kill Gilgo Slade, Mr. Basso's fictional Kingfish, isn't entirely convincing.

DOLLAR COTTON. By John Faulkner. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

In a novel about a self-made cotton king, Otis Town, John Faulkner runs his brother William a close second for unpleasantness. Town came to the Delta when land was 90 cents an acre; he stayed to amass, and lose, a fortune and become quite a figure in the community as well as in his author's affections. A monomaniac about cotton, he allowed himself only minor pleasures—cheating his field hands, murdering a Negro who objected to being cheated, taking the murdered man's wife. A jolly little monster, and the madness, suicide, and lynching that shortly precede his death put the last bright touches on this portrait of an American pioneer, Faulkner variety.

DRAMA

Business—but Not as Usual

DURING the past six months or so the standard cocktail-party, dinner-table question addressed to drama critics has naturally been concerned with the effect of the war on the theater. Making the very dangerous assumption that such polite queries are not merely polite, I generally reply that insufficient evidence has so far been gathered, but that out of the depths of my special knowledge and accumulated wisdom I can draw a prediction: the war will be good for business and bad for art—at least so far as the actual war years themselves are concerned. And if I really haven't yet a great deal to go on, I have at least as much as the military experts who balance probabilities about Russian resistance or the second front, and I cannot very well go much further wrong.

Take, for example, the case of the first two plays of the new season which are good enough to make a hopeful bid for success. No doubt the years of peace and plenty saw a certain number of serious plays as tepidly laudable as "Morning Star" at the Morosco Theater and a certain number of farces not more subtle or original than the moderately amusing "Janie" at the Henry Miller. But if the fact that they are the most hopeful productions so far be taken together with last year's record, there is some justification for an attempt to find a trend. Both concern themselves directly with war-time conditions; both are rather broad and obvious; both appear to find audiences rather more willing to be pleased than similar plays would have found them a few years ago. Of all this a little more a little later.

"Morning Star" is by the Anglo-Welsh actor Emlyn Williams, who was first introduced to New York as the author of the excellent theatrical thriller called "Night Must Fall" and who later revealed his more earnest side in "The Corn Is Green." It is the writer of the second, not the writer of the first, who is recognizable in the new play, but "Morning Star" is, nevertheless, not nearly so good as "The Corn Is Green." Probably the explanation is simple enough. In "The Corn Is Green" Mr. Williams was concerning himself with a group and a milieu which he knew more intimately than most people know them, and he had, accordingly, something of his own to say. In "Morning Star" he is concerned in a very general way with England's reaction to the war, about which he can neither say anything particularly original nor feel anything more poignant than most of us have already felt. It is all very well to say that a great writer ought to deal with great themes important to many men. But the greater the theme and the more generally people have felt a concern with it the more necessary it is that one who handles it should really be a great writer, and the more obvious it becomes that the mere determination to deal with great themes does not make him one. The big scene of the present play is an air raid which we have now had presented four separate times as the big scene of a war play. The main story, which, by the way, is not any too well integrated with the rest of the action, has to do with the rather obscure emotional reactions of a brilliant research physician who first resents the war's interference with his work, then tries to find a use for that work in the war, and finally becomes reconciled to the necessity of submerging himself in the general effort. Characters who are interesting chiefly because they are supposed to have just written a great book or made a stupendous scientific discovery are for some reason or other seldom very easy to believe in on the stage, and Mr. Williams's researcher is no exception. More important is the author's purely negative failure to rise either intellectually or emotionally to the occasion. He is certainly not insincere. Neither is his play, as war plays of twenty years ago sometimes were, cheap or facile. It is merely unoriginal and inadequate. The fact that most spectators will probably remember longest and with most pleasure Wendy Barrie as the congenital tart who does her dubious bit by providing solace to bureaucrats in their off hours is in part a tribute to Miss Barrie's good looks and talent. It is also, since the role is a pretty familiar one, a commentary on the failure of the play as a whole.

"Janie" has to do with the misadventures of a Junior Miss in war time. Though (of course) pure in heart, her sophisticated vocabulary and penchant for petting parties raise certain doubts in the minds of her parents. And despite the fact that her father has just written in the small-town paper of which he is proprietor a thoughtful editorial on the necessity of keeping soldiers away from high-school girls, she stages in his absence a party which gets very decidedly out of hand. Once the action is well started, the piece is rather frenetically lively and is often laughable enough if one is in no very critical mood, but though it is obviously inspired by last year's "Junior Miss" it bears, so far as atmosphere and characterization are concerned, about the same relation to that play that a comic strip does to one of Miss Benson's sketches.

The indications are that the present war, like the last one, will greatly increase the public appetite for the easier forms of amusement and provide certain sections of it with a greater than normal ability to pay for them. This, probably means not only a certain prosperity for the so-called illegitimate forms of theatrical entertainment but also, I suspect, some additions to the usually very restricted group of chronic

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playgoers. Perhaps, then, it is not merely imagination which leads me to suspect in "Janie," as well as in other recent plays, a deliberate broadening of methods calculated to appeal to a group probably no less intelligent than the usual Broadway audience but with considerably less theatrical sophistication. One also notes that 1942 is much more interested than 1917 was in professedly serious plays about the war. So far, however, such plays have not, for the most part, been conspicuously good ones.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

RECORDS

COLUMBIA issued one of the great sets of the year (509, $3.68) in July: Mozart's Symphony K. 504 ("Prague") performed by Beecham with the London Philharmonic. The work offers Mozart's powers at their height—in the long, dramatic introduction, the exuberantly brilliant first movement with its opening theme and later details that are uniquely Mozartian in their exquisitely wrought poignancy, the similarly brilliant finale, and between these two movements the wonderful Andante in which the Mozartian poignancy is exquisitely wrought at length. The performance offers Beecham's sharply, powerfully inflected Mozart style at its most effective. And the recorded sound is excellent, but with balance tipped heavily toward the bass.

One hears sharp, powerful inflection also in Schnabel's playing of Mozart; and it gives the phrases of the piano in the Concerto K. 595 the contours, character, life, significance which they lack as they are rattled off smoothly by Casadesus in the performance of this superb work in Columbia's June set (490, $4.75). Moreover, even the recorded sound of the piano is lifeless, as well as gritty and rattly not only with the wide-range Brush pick-up but with the limited-range Astatic; the recorded sound of the orchestra is muffled with the Brush, brighter with the Astatic; some of the surfaces of the copy I heard were very bad with the Brush, cleaner with the Astatic; and the pitch wavered on side 4.

Also on Columbia's June list was Mussorgsky's "Within Four Walls" (71367-D, $1.05) from the "Sunless" cycle, an affecting example of Mussorgsky's subtle recitative-like style in this genre. It is sung by Robeson with vocal magnificence and impressive feeling, though without the richness of inflection of Rudinov's singing in the Gamut set of the entire cycle. Robeson sings it first in English, then in Russian; and the effect is better with the Russian words.

Another June release by Columbia offered the Overture, Nocturne, Scherzo, Wedding March, and less frequently heard Intermezzo from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music, well performed by Rodzinski with the Cleveland Orchestra, and apparently—from the way it sounded on a limited-range machine—well recorded (Set 504, $4.73).

On Columbia's May list was the fine Prelude in C minor for organ—previously recorded with its Fugue by Schweitzer in Columbia's Set 320—well played now by Commette on a single disc (71366-D, $1.05). On the limited-range machines on which I heard it the recorded sound of the performance was brighter than that of Schweitzer's, but massive passages were unclear. And two excerpts from Gluck's "Orfeo"—the best known "Che faro senza Euridice" and the lovely "Che puro ciel"—are well sung by Risë Stevens (71365-D, $1.05).

As for September, Columbia offers Sibelius's Symphony No. 5 (Set 514, $4.73)—a work that is not without the Sibelius mannerisms and formulas and empty pretensions at profundity, but that is for the most part enjoyable. Rodzinski's performance with the Cleveland Orchestra is the best I recall hearing; and its recorded sound is very good except for a weakness in the lower range that makes kettledrums and string basses often inaudible.

Then there is Chopin's Piano Concerto Op. 11, one of his most beautiful works, which has been available in the magnificent performance by Rubinstein on Victor records, and which Columbia offers now recorded by Kilenyi with the Minneapolis Symphony under Mitropoulos (Set 515, $4.73). Kilenyi's playing is wholly without distinction and grace; and its clumsiness is made worse by faulty recording, which in addition badly distorts the sound of the orchestra.

The Theme and Variations from Tschaikovsky's Suite No. 3 has some good pages, but is a lesser work of Tschaikovsky. It is brashly performed by Barbirolli with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony, and brashly recorded (X-226, $2.63). The recorded sound of Reiner's performance of the concert version of "Forest Murmurs" from Wagner's "Siegfried" with the Pittsburgh Symphony (11831-D, $1.05) is better; but Reiner makes two cuts, and his treatment of the music is mannered and unsatisfying.

Mendelssohn's "On Wings of Song" and "Morning Greeting" are well sung by Lehmann (17344-D, $.79).

"Mozart's K. 400," in the first paragraph of last week's column, should have been "Mozart's K. 499."

B. H. HAGGIN

RECENTLY PUBLISHED

Americans vs. Germans: The First A. E. F. in Action. Written by American Soldiers. Penguin. 25 cents.

The American Way of Life. By Harry Elmer Barnes and Oreen Ruedi. Prentice-Hall. $5.

Rebels and Gentlemen: Philadelphia in the Age of Franklin. By Carl and Jessica Bridenbaugh. Reynal and Hitchcock. $3.50.

A Layman's Guide to Naval Strategy. By Bernard Brodie. Princeton. $2.50.

We're in This with Russia. By Wallace Carroll. Houghton Mifflin. $2.

The Army Means Business. By Herbert Corey. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.75.

Fiscal Planning for Total War. By William Leonard Crum, John F. Fennelly, and Lawrence Howard Seltzer. National Bureau of Economic Research. $3.

Virginia Woolf. By E. M. Forster. Harcourt, Brace. $1.

So Your Husband's Gone to War. By Ethel Gorham. Doubleday, Doran. $2.

Frontier by Air. By Alice Rogers Hager. Macmillan. $3.50.

4,000 Years of Television: The Story of Seeing at a Distance. By Richard W. Hubbell. Putnam's. $2.25.

Santa Fe, New Mexico. By Ernest Knee. Hastings House. $2.

Poems of This War by Younger Poets. Edited by Patricia Ledward and Colin Strang. Cambridge University-Macmillan. $1.75.

Desert Challenge: An Interpretation of Nevada. By Richard G. Lillard. Knopf. $4.

Frank Norris: A Study. By Ernest Marchand. Stanford University. $3.

Chemical Elements. By I. Nechaev. Coward McCann. $2.50.

The Jews in Spain: Their Social, Political, and Cultural Life During the Middle Ages. By Abraham A. Neuman. Jewish Publication Society. 2 vols. $5 set.

Sabotage! The Secret War Against America. By Michael Sayers and Albert E. Kahn. Harper. $2.50.

A Treasury of Great Poems English and American. Selected and Integrated by Louis Untermeyer. Simon and Schuster. $3.75.

The Right Book for the Right Child. Edited by Carleton Washburne, Miriam Snow, and Mabel Morphett. John Day. $3.

The Death of the Moth and Other Essays. By Virginia Woolf. Harcourt, Brace. $3.

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Letters to the Editors

We Must Tighten Our Belts

Dear Sirs: It seems to me that one important segment of the population has been overlooked in the discussion of new taxes, namely, the white-collar workers and certain professional people, such as social workers, teachers, and clergymen in smaller congregations. The increase in taxes, as I understand it, is for the purpose, in part, of curbing purchasing power. Among certain groups wages have sky-rocketed. Among the first-mentioned they have been almost static.

I am a social worker, and this year my income is about 11 per cent higher than last year. Living expenses are more than 30 per cent higher; anticipated income tax almost 100 per cent more than last year. I'm going to find it terribly difficult to pay, even as a single man, and still live halfway decently. I have already reluctantly cut my contributions to charity, bought no clothes this year, curtailed my war-bond buying, and I still have to reduce my food and rent budget, which was never more than enough for comfort.

Isn't this a point worth considering? What will the white-collar and professional worker do if taxes grow heavier and heavier? B. H. N.

Dayton, Ohio, September 16

Unity Before Freedom

Dear Sirs: I hope that you will allow me some space in your paper in connection with Louis Fischer's articles on India.

The present crisis in India has for some time been poisoning American opinion against the British. The common belief is that there is a nation of people called the Indians who are clamoring for their independence but who are forcibly kept in bondage by the British. And in the popular imagination Mr. Gandhi is a saint, a hero, and a martyr, manfully struggling against the British "oppressors." This belief is almost entirely false and absurd, and it is a falsehood which tends to have disastrous effects upon Anglo-American relations. Mr. Fischer has, I expect, no intention of confirming and bolstering such ideas, but that, I predict, will be the actual effect of his articles.

I worked for twenty years as a British civil servant in Ceylon before I became a professor in America. Let me state a few facts. There is no such thing as the "Indian nation." There are an immense number of races in India and over 200 different languages. A Tamil from South India has less in common with a Punjabi than an Englishman has with a Hungarian. Next, there has never been in all history a united, self-governing, free India. Unification has come only once or twice, and only by force of conquest—the British unification and the unification under such Moslem conquerors as the Emperor Akbar. It follows that to create now a free, independent, united India—which is Mr. Gandhi's demand—is a problem of the same order as that of creating a United States of Europe under one free government.

A common delusion in this country is to suppose that Mr. Gandhi's demands are the "demands of India." Mr. Gandhi no more represents the views of the whole Indian continent than some powerful party leader in the United States represents the views of the whole Western Hemisphere. Mr. Gandhi's party represents only the Hindus of British India.

In the light of these facts, what do the Congress Party's demands actually mean? The British are to go. Very well. But they cannot leave the country without any government at all. They must hand over power to someone. To whom? There is no governmental organization in existence to hand over to. The problem of India is the problem of creating one. And the Congress demands that it be a single government of a united India.

Someone will say: Why not leave the creation of the new government to the Indians themselves? To Mr. Gandhi and the Congress? But to let the Congress set up its government would be equivalent to forcing the 94 million Moslems, the 45 million Untouchables, the 6 million Sikhs, and the population of the 562 native states under a government which they detest and which—in the case of the Moslems at least—would probably be resisted with violence, bloodshed, and civil war.

Thus the British cannot solve the problem by capitulating to the Congress. There is only one way that a solution can be reached. This is by the various Indian parties—Hindus, Moslems, and the rest—getting together and hammering out a form of government on which they will all agree. The collapse of all negotiations so far comes not from an unwillingness of the British to hand over power but from the stiff-necked obstinacy of the Indian parties themselves, particularly the Congress, either to accept any program which the British suggest or to get together and agree on a program among themselves.

In these circumstances there is nothing that the British government can do except preserve order and wait for a more propitious time. It has been suggested that America, or President Roosevelt, should "mediate." I see no objection, though I should have little hope of anything coming of it. But if such mediation is tried, let one thing be clear. It is not mediation between the British and the Indians which is wanted—for the British have already agreed to grant any form of independence the Indians ask for, provided they agree among themselves. The mediation would have to be between the Congress on the one hand and the Moslems and other minorities on the other.

In all this, it is true, I have ignored the issue whether independence should come now or after the war. This is played up by the newspapers and by the Congress leaders themselves, but it is, in my view, a minor question. The real difficulty is to get an agreement among the Indian parties about the form of government. If this were solved, the question of the date would fade into insignificance, would probably resolve itself. W. T. STACE

Princeton, N. J., September 15

"Only One Haggin"

Dear Sirs: B. H. Haggin's magnificent discussion of the Shostakovich "Leningrad Symphony" compels me to write what I have been meaning to write these many years—a fan letter. Subscribers often ask me why I do not include a music column in *Common Sense,* and the answer I give them is always the same: "We can't be satisfied with second best; there is only one Haggin."

SELDEN RODMAN

New York, September 10

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